SEAN O'CASEY by Denis Johnston

THE NATION

October 5, 1964 . . 35c

RUSSIA in 1964

The Temper of Its People, Its Domestic Problems, Its Changing Outlook, Its View of America.

REPORT ON A TWO-MONTH VISIT

Alexander Werth

World's Fair: The Golden Grin

Robert Hughes

CALIFORNIA ON TRIAL: **Donovan Bess** • THE CHURCH AND THE PILL: **Robert E. Hall, M.D.**

Reviews & Essays

McLuhan 'Understanding Media'
D. Holmes & G. Zabriskie

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LETTERS

Aid before guns

Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: We must first win the *loyalty* of the South Vietnamese people by convincing them we can do more to raise their living standards than can the Communists. . . . Aid for social and economic improvement should be drastically increased, using U.S. military strength only as a holding action to give time for social-economic reforms to get moving.

The best American personnel, in enough quantity to get results, should administer the aid. Stringent care must be taken to see that the aid gets to the people who need it most. South Vietnamese in influential positions must be made to understand that graft, favoritism or inefficiency will not be tolerated. Easy? Nothing worth while is easy! . . .

Risking expansion of the war to grave proportions, we could throw in strong American military forces aimed at winning a military decision. But without the loyalty of the South Vietnamese people, the "victory" would be illusory. *W. L. Husband*

Bullyboy with claws

Long Beach, Calif.

Dear Sirs: With reference to the editorial: "Negotiate Now!" (*The Nation*, Sept. 7), you omitted to mention that possibly the only people who are getting any benefit from U. S. military occupation of South Vietnam are the owners of the bars and brothels, and the innkeepers, landlords and shopkeepers of Saigon. . . . We are acquiring the international image of a bullyboy monster with its claws digging in all over the world. . . . To whom was Congress listening when it voted billions more for war procurement than the Administration asked for? . . . If one firm like Boeing can grab off $12 billion of our money in Air Force contracts since 1951, then one may well ask: What will we do if the Mighty Mice succeed in getting their man, Air Force General Goldwater, into the White House?

Mrs. P. J. Walters

Truth or certainty?

New York City

Dear Sirs: Considering that the substance of the Warren Commission inquiry has been conducted in camera, Maurice Rosenberg makes a surprising number of conjectures and assumptions regarding its motives and methods in his article, "The Warren Commission" (*The Nation*, Sept. 14). The difficulty is that most of the assumptions he makes regarding the commission's objectivity are contradicted in the provocative and anticipatory statements continually made to the press by the commission members themselves, and in their publicized methods of investigation. . . .

Every few days now, for the past several months, "reliable sources" in Washington have been publicly proclaiming that the commission report will "undoubtedly" say that Lee Harvey Oswald "acted alone" when he shot the President, and that Jack Ruby "acted alone" when he shot Lee Oswald. No wonder *The New York Times* could declare with impunity and irrefutable logic on June 1: "The Warren Commission is aware of and concerned about the foreign skepticism. It considers that its job is to dispel uncertainty and suspicions about the assassination as far as possible."

Nothing about the truth in that, whatever President Johnson may have said in his charge to the commission last winter. . . . *Jack Diether*

Retirement no cure

New York City

Dear Sirs: "The Adolescent Ghetto" by Frank Musgrove [*The Nation*, Sept. 21] is brilliant, but it is spoiled by the last sentence. I quote:

> *More men in their 50s, 40s and even their 30s should be able to retire on adequate pensions to make way for young people to offer their best before they have grown too old, frustrated and dispirited to give it.*

Retirement in the 30s, 40s and 50s is no solution or part solution for helping make adolescents people. The procedure suggested, I feel, would certainly cause more and greater, problems.

Anne Steinmann, Ph.D

Bang!

Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs: To implement Goldwaterism, proceed to the following:

1) Instead of encouraging the forces interested in truly democratizing our nation, undermine the people's confidence in every aspect of government, except the military.

2) Exploit civil rights and communism in ways that will further confuse and frighten the uninformed.

3) With deceptive phrases like "individual liberty" and "individual freedom," encourage dog-eat-dog, every-man-for-himself, anarchic individualism.

4) Ultimately—with a highly disciplined minority including the military—assume a winner-take-all, totalitarian-type control of the country.

5) With all the above be charming and sincere, since such qualities have always been the hallmark of successful demagogues.

6) At length, order the Communists to surrender unconditionally, or else.

7) Bang!

If this letter strikes you as being rather absurd, can it be any more absurd than the meaning of Senator Goldwater's nomination for the highest office in the U.S.—indeed, in the world? *Edward F. Nash*

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Tonkin Gulf: Round II

The tradition of American naval heroism, borne proudly through six major wars and numerous minor clashes, is not being enhanced in the waters off Southeast Asia. It is not the fault of American seamen, but rather the result of electronized warfare and an inglorious mission. Principally, it is the fault of the latter. Radar was already a factor in such battles as Leyte Gulf, yet the men who fought there were worthy descendants of the heroes of 1812, who literally looked into the cannon's mouth and fell on decks slippery with blood. But what has happened in that other gulf —Tonkin—and why is it such a mystery?

One difficulty is that American sea power in the Pacific is so overwhelming that no worthy opponent can be found. Capt. James Lawrence sailed out of Boston in the *Chesapeake* and engaged the British frigate *Shannon*, well aware of the odds, but committed to do or die. In the Tonkin Gulf there was no question of giving up the ship, and very little chance of its being sunk. Even more against the grain of Navy tradition, the battle (if there was one) was fought from the Pentagon, and on the hustings, almost as much as from the gun turrets and rocket launchers of the vessels engaged.

Yet when allowance is made for all these depressing factors, it looks as if we are making ourselves more ludicrous than the occasion requires. The patriots at home are not even allowed to know what ship of the U.S. Navy meted out condign punishment to the dirty North Vietnamese. In previous engagements the destroyers and aircraft carrier were publicized around the world, but all we are told this time is that a radar operator on *U.S.S. Anonymous* saw four blips which he interpreted as those of unidentified ships closing in under cover of night and cloud. Warning shots were fired and when the ships pressed the attack (if it was an attack) they were fired on by radar-aimed guns. Presto! *all* the blips disappeared. That is almost miraculous, showing not only the accuracy of radar gun laying, but the capacity of metal-hull ships to disintegrate almost instantly. It seems they remained intact just long enough to interrupt a McNamara press conference in Washington. Equally strange, in the morning, although *U.S.S. Anonymous* remained around long enough to look, no debris was seen; the mystery only deepened. Some baffled commentators have been rude enough to suggest that the Navy was firing at radar "ghosts," a supposition indignantly denied as a slur on our technological competence.

Senator Goldwater, asked to comment, did not assert that the incident had been rigged to bring about his defeat, but suggested that the Johnson Administration had suffered a communications breakdown, which presumably would be remedied by a new man in the White House. After all the headlines, the Pentagon was silent. Then, twenty-eight hours later, a tight-lipped McNamara appeared before the reporters and in effect took the Fifth. The only additional information he gave was that *two U.S.S. Anonymous* had been involved. At this point the Russians got into the act and announced, along with the usual charges of warmongering, that the U.S. Navy had sunk some North Vietnamese patrol boats. The North Vietnamese denied that any of their vessels had been in action. All they knew, they asserted, was that two U.S. destroyers came inshore, explosions were heard, light flashes were seen, and aircraft circled about. Another provocation, as far as they were concerned, but they did not rise to the bait.

Neither did President Johnson. Advised by close associates (who?) to give the North Vietnamese shore installations another retaliatory pasting, he declined. A former naval officer himself, he evidently felt that the traditions of the Navy had been sufficiently upheld. So the patrols were discontinued—for the time being.

The Giant Stirs

The United States has often been likened to a sick giant, a sleeping giant, or some other kind of behemoth incapable of exerting its power. This election campaign will show how much truth there is in the similes. It is a good augury that a long-delayed reaction against the radical Right seems to be under way. This possibility was one reason that *The Nation* viewed the nomination of Senator Goldwater complacently. The showdown had to come eventually, and 1964 seemed as good a time as any.

Talking with people in most parts of the country, one gets the impression that preponderantly they are level-headed and kindly, but not especially well informed. Raymond Clapper, that fine commentator who died in World War II, used to say that one should never underestimate the intelligence of the American public, nor overestimate its information. If the giant is sick, that is part of the reason. The underinformed section of the public—and there is no question that it is large—is the natural prey of the treason hunters, racists, ultra-nationalists, Fascists and neighborhood troublemakers who constitute the radical Right. If only a small percentage of Americans were thus vulnerable, there would be no cause for concern. But the segment is large enough to weigh in the scales of national decisions. If reiterations of treason and subversion are dinned into its ears often enough, it will not only believe but act on its belief.

A local movement of considerable interest in this connection is the Education Forum of California, whose present board of directors is recruited from faculty members of the 16,000-student San Francisco

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State College. The forum president, Dr. Raymond J. Simpson, declares that many persons of liberal inclination are being inundated by a wave of conservative thinking. He wants to make it respectable again to hold liberal views, where they are now in effect outlawed.

On a national scale, two moves against the radical Right are under way. One is the current study by the B'nai B'rith Anti-Defamation League, *Danger on the Right*, which reveals that the "assault on democratic progress" is financed in an amount that may be as high as $25 million a year. Part of these funds, the study shows, comes from foundations like Sloan, Donner, Relm, the William Volker Fund; from corporations like Armco Steel, Allen-Bradley, Republic Steel, U.S. Steel, Gulf Oil, Humble Oil and Refining, Sun Oil (J. Howard Pew).

The mentality which inspires such donations is well illustrated by William J. Whiteford, the chairman of the board of Gulf Oil. Answering charges that Gulf Oil had contributed to Harding College of Searcy, Ark., Mr. Whiteford replied that it was no more relevant that some people connected with this institution have been "vociferously anti-Communist" than that "some notorious Communists have been graduated by Harvard University, to which Gulf also contributes, and indeed, in larger amounts than it gives to Harding." The equating of Harvard and Harding is revealing. Vociferous anti-Communists have also graduated from Harvard, and so have liberals; but the liberals who have graduated from Harding could be counted without a computer.

Most encouraging of all, in the current wave of loud-mouthed bigotry, is the new association of 100 civic, educational, religious and business leaders to tell "the truth about the John Birch Society and related radical reactionary groups." Among those participating, Dore Schary, the national chairman of the ADL, is an avowed liberal, but Arthur Larson, chairman of the National Council for Civic Responsibility, is an Eisenhower Republican, and the roster of his organization reads like *Who's Who*.

One of the first projects of the Council has been a detailed, page-by-page refutation of the charges made in *None Dare Call It Treason* by John A. Stormer, an author whose curious method is to quote the wildest utterances printed in the *Congressional Record* as though they were official findings and to cite, as supporting authority for his own views, passages from other books which, on being looked up, frequently say precisely the opposite of what is attributed to them (see "Goldwaterism: the New Ideology" by Carey McWilliams, *The Nation*, August 24).

The Council is also sponsoring a radio program which, twice a week, will expose reactionary distortions. This series will cost $500,000—not much compared with what the radical Right spends, but as the truth spreads, the funds of the rightists may begin to dwindle. An even greater service is the demonstration that there exists a rational conservatism opposed to the reactionary organizations that fill the air and the mails with their clamor.

Dusty Answer

In a national ethos shaped largely by advertising, it is perhaps inevitable that even a notable achievement like the flight of Ranger 7 to the moon should be marred by exaggerated claims and unfounded inferences. Almost before the prints were dry, President Johnson announced that Ranger's pictures indicated that though the lunar surface was rough, there was a large area suitable for a manned landing. The President may be forgiven a layman's enthusiasm, but the same tolerance should not extend to the technically trained officials who put him up to publicizing this nonsense. After a dozen failures by NASA and the services, they were entitled to a certain amount of euphoria, but not that much.

The photographs are indeed excellent and show a great deal that could only be surmised heretofore; they furnish some evidence—considerably short of certainty—that the terrain in the marias or dry seas is not so rough that the vehicle would be likely to upset on landing. They reveal nothing, however, on the crucial point of the bearing strength of the lunar surface. If anything, the indications are adverse. The shadows in the craters in Ranger 7's landing area show that many of these depressions are no more than 18 inches deep, but no one can say what lies beneath.

Yet one scientist was quoted as saying, "I am willing to bet that if you walked on the moon it would be like crunchy snow." Another suggested that the lunar surface is covered by a fine layer of dust perhaps 1½ to 2 inches deep—he was estimating to half an inch! Such statements are silly, not scientific, and when they are coupled with suggestions that the landing requirements for the Apollo vehicle may even be relaxed because of what the Ranger 7 photographs show, they are irresponsible.

In the September 4 *Science* Thomas Gold, the Cornell University astronomer, presents a detailed analysis of the pictures. He finds no indication of a solid surface and concludes, rather, that the pictures, confirming radar-based observations, "have greatly strengthened the case for dust being the main constituent of the lunar lowlands by not showing any rock formations. . . . What structural strength can be attributed to dust sedimentation at various depths cannot be judged very well until impact probe experiments have been carried out; but without any sign of firm rock the pictures must lead to more concern about sinkage on impact or dust blowing in rocket exhausts in future operations on the lunar surface."

Earlier, Harold C. Urey, who has been in favor of the moon project from the beginning, likewise expressed the opinion that the Ranger photographs revealed nothing of what lay beneath the surface. On the basis of available data, the only sensible course is to enlarge the exploratory program before committing men to a moon landing. The Ranger program calls for two more spacecraft to photograph areas on the moon before destroying themselves on impact. The estimated cost

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on completion is $270 million. The Ranger flights will be followed by Surveyor, in which equipment will be soft-landed to sample the lunar soil and test its bearing strength. Seven such shots are planned at a cost of about $230 million. There is now talk of doubling the number, and that course seems advisable. The lives of the astronauts now in training are the stake, and cost should not be a factor—nor time. All thought of racing the Russians to the moon should be abandoned. The longer that idea is harbored, the more harebrained it appears.

The Trading Stamp Mystique

Every month the Department of Labor releases statistics on the retail price level, and if there is one-tenth of 1 per cent increase in the cost of living it is dolefully reported by all the news media. But if it is shown that trading stamps increase the cost of groceries by, say, 2 per cent, the news media take no interest, and consumers keep on pasting up book after book. They are perfectly aware that the only way to get something for nothing is to stick a gun in somebody's stomach, but they do not apply this ancient maxim to the trading-stamp racket. Eight out of ten American families now collect trading stamps, and in Hartford, Conn., heart of the New England thrift belt, 98 per cent of all families are so addicted.

However, when a deception gets too big, it invites scrutiny, official and otherwise, and the trading-stamp mythos is now entering that phase. According to their promoters, stamps are a beneficent institution which increases sales, does not cut into the merchant's profits, and never, never causes an increase in prices. In the October 26, 1963, *Nation* Desmond Smith ("Trading Stamps—The Welcome Hoax") exploded all these claims without noticeable effect on the housewives; but now both the Federal Trade Commission and a couple of inquiring professors are on the trail. The professors are James D. Bromley and William H. Wallace of the University of Rhode Island, and their specialty is agricultural economics. They studied 185 dry grocery items before and after stamps were issued by a national grocery chain. Careful corrections were made for increases in prices from other causes. The premiums received were evaluated on the basis of mail-order and discount-house prices—not list prices, which have become almost meaningless in many fields. Contrary to the claims of the trading-stamp industry, Bromley and Wallace found that the stamps increased prices by 2.02 per cent. A family of four, spending $1,000 a year on food and related items, would be paying $20 for stamps—even if they redeemed them, which many buyers do not. If anything, this figure is low.

The claim that stamps increase retail volume is absurd on its face. What actually happened as the hoax gained momentum was that the merchant who offered stamps took customers away from the merchant who held out. When the hold-out succumbed, the first retailer had to resort to some other gimmick. Once the practice has become widespread, it is difficult for the unaided retailer to curb it.

The FTC, which gave trading stamps a clean bill of health in 1957, is now taking another look—in the interest of both buyers and sellers. For one thing, more than 8 per cent of all electric toasters and 12 per cent of all heating pads are now acquired through redemption of trading stamps, and local retailers in these lines are howling. Consumer choice may be restricted, together with competition; and tie-ins of the sort considered illegal by the FTC may be involved. But the principal question is whether the consumer is being deceived by the representation that he is not paying more for the food, gasoline, etc., that he buys. The redemption merchandise is not actually "free," and someone must be paying for the stamp companies' operations and profits. Some supermarket chains have dropped trading stamps on an experimental basis, reduced prices accordingly, and appear to be doing well. All of us — and especially the government — should encourage this trend.

The Racist Proposition

CALIFORNIA on TRIAL . . . . . Donovan Bess

San Francisco

The airways and public halls of California this fall will be filled with the thesis, "Extremism in the defense of property is no vice." Nobody will say it in those words, but that is what they will say as they invoke the Bible, anti-communism and racial prejudice to try to frighten the voters of California into amending their constitution by passing Proposition 14 in November. California has been made a testing ground for the Deep South's invasion of the Northern morals system. Cold civil war has been declared. White-supremacist officials from Jackson, Miss., have during the past two months established battle headquarters in Los Angeles, San Francisco and Oakland.

Proposition 14 will be on the ballot because of a campaign financed by the state and national realtors' associations and the state's major apartment-house owners, aided by various right-wing groups and individuals who effected Barry Goldwater's take-over of the California Republican Party machinery. The proposition, if passed, would nullify most of a law that inhibits

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discrimination against home buyers and apartment hunters. But the guts of the proposition lie in its giving racial bigots a constitutional immunity from prosecution for discriminating in real property sales or rentals. The state constitution, as amended, would allow these bigots to play "king of the mountain" in perpetuity, would allow their wives to have all-white *Kaffeeklatsches* forever. California would take first place in the nation for legalized racism: not even Mississippi has tried to write housing discrimination into its constitution.

Last year, James H. Scheurer of the New York Commission Against Discrimination, warned that passage of the California amendment "would open the state to a flood of two-bit crackpots, demagogues and agitators, and would beck every half-baked George Lincoln Rockwell in the country." Already California has an adequate supply of such citizens, home grown, and the music of Proposition 14 has brought them dancing out.

The strategy of amending the state's constitution in order to tie the hands of its legislature and its courts was developed by officials of the California Real Estate Association and of the National Association of Real Estate Boards (which recently has been dominated by the South). To conceal the extremist nature of this proposition, the Realtors have plugged the slogan that the purpose was to "repeal the Rumford Act"—a mild measure that leans on persuasion more than on force to discourage unfair housing practices.

In this maneuver, the Realtors outsmarted the state's newspaper, television and radio industries, as well as the state-wide opposition to Proposition 14: the administration in Sacramento, and the major business, labor and church leaders. Everybody has cooperated in the deception by labeling this the "anti-Rumford" initiative. It is anti-Rumford Act, all right, but only incidentally. That statute is especially spineless in the area of discrimination in the sale of single-family homes. There are 3,779,000 such homes in California, but only about a fourth of them are covered by the Rumford Act. The law sets up a state Fair Employment Practices Commission as a resource and conciliation agency for house-hunting Negroes. But in the first year of the law's operation, only two cases were filed against owners of single-family homes. The California Real Estate Association is not annoyed by the Rumford Act, and it proved this last year by refusing to support a petition-signing drive to repeal it. "Repeal the Rumford Act" is a slogan to get the "ain't nobody going to push me around" vote, which is crucial in a nation the leading citizens of which fancy themselves to be red-blooded pioneers whose split-level homes really are, as symbols, log cabins to be defended from Indians, Russians, outer spacemen, federal tax men and CORE pickets.

The Realtor-White Citizens' Council axis was wise to situate its showdown in California. There are no physical landmarks in the far West to remind a man of how well his ancestors were sheltered by the Bill of Rights as they traveled the long road into the era of space-age prosperity. Freedom, out here, is something you just make up as you go along. "Your rights will be eroded!," the Realtors tell these home owners. That stirs the heart: erosion is an awful thing to have in the house. The Realtors' ballot proposition was so well argued that it received 200,000 more petition signatures than the 468,259 needed.

The proposition contains the genuinely radical notion of giving each property owner *absolute discretion* in transactions. It declares: "Neither the State nor any subdivision or agency thereof shall deny, limit or abridge, directly or indirectly, the right of any person, who is willing or desires to sell, lease or rent any part or all of his real property, to decline to sell, lease or rent such property to such person or persons as he, in his absolute discretion, chooses."

This is an attempt to introduce the "despotic theory" of private ownership as a fundamental American practice. It is contrary to the Declaration of Independence to consider property rights as absolute, rather than relative to the general welfare. If this amendment were enacted, the legislature would have no power to limit housing discrimination—nor would the superior courts. "It would," said Howard Lewis, Jr., of Palo Alto, a fair-housing Realtor, "stand as a symbol to the Negro that for him there is no hope for justice in California's courts or from California's whites." It would also probably violate the 14th Amendment; and the state supreme court already has warned that it holds "grave" doubts about the constitutionality of the measure.

There are more than 40,000 real estate brokers in California. They are not, as a whole, much developed as social thinkers. As long ago as 1948, the *California Real Estate Magazine* showed there was concern in the trade about Negro "pushiness." An article under the headline, "Fight Socialized Housing," announced a "nationwide campaign to amend the United States Constitution to guarantee enforcement of property restrictions." The article said CREA had warned every realty board in the nation that if Negroes kept trying to move into exclusive neighborhoods there would follow "racial tensions and antagonisms" and the invaders would "harm our national social structure." This direct approach is now out of date. In the present campaign, the CREA shows it has learned to wrap the arguments in words like "patriotism" and sentences like "A man's home is his castle." (Stanley Mosk, California's Attorney General last year, is an old-fashioned name-caller. He said "Realtor" is now "a dirty word.")

The brokers' concept of property rights is that once you own a piece of land it is sanctified and becomes part of your personality; so it would be *dangerous* to let it fall into the hands of anybody who didn't look pretty much like you. The opponents of Proposition 14 feel that to bar a man from the land is as unfair as to refuse to sell him a wrist watch or a can of salmon. They have some court rulings on their side. The Massachusetts high court has ruled that "neither property rights nor contract rights are absolute. . . ." A Pittsburgh court upheld that city's fair-housing ordinance, saying "our commitment to liberty is even deeper than our commitment to property. . . ."

Elton Brombacher, a member of the state FEPC, feels the Realtors are not sincere in arguing that Proposition 14 protects property rights. "What they really want," he said, "is to continue block-busting." (This is a technique under which a broker moves Negroes into a lily-white area in order to compel the retreat of

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some biased home owners. Commissions on resales of the vacated houses are the object.)

A classic argument against integrating a neighborhood is that non-white or off-white occupants depress property values. An article in the *Review of the Society of Residential Appraisers* reported two decades ago that "the axiom that colored infiltration collapses the market is no longer true." Edward Howden, executive director of the California FEPC, says the National Association of Real Estate Boards has never produced "a single piece of evidence" to support this argument.

The liberal-moderate opposition to Proposition 14 ranges from men like Joseph Martin, Jr., who was ousted by the Goldwater movement as California's Republican National Committeeman, to Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike, who was one of the first persons to wear a "Would You Want Your Daughter to Marry a Realtor?" button. The right wingers who want the amendment are not so much in a phalanx; some of the ultraconservatives treat the measure as indifferently as though it were a utility-bond issue to be voted on by the people of the Netherlands. For example, Max Rafferty, California's voluble superintendent of public instruction, held his tongue when asked about Proposition 14. It was, he said, "not specifically educational in nature."

All political leaders in the state feel that Goldwater's Presidential campaign in California will be entwined with Proposition 14. Last spring, Nelson Rockefeller criticized the initiative—while Goldwater portrayed himself as scrupulous not to advise the state on internal problems. However, when he was asked about civil rights sit-in demonstrations in San Francisco—demonstrations that had sought to end hotel discrimination in employment—Goldwater was not so sensitive about local feelings. He said "resentment at this law breaking is running high." In recent speeches, he has offered the Realtors' argument that "You can't legislate morality."

"I think," said California's venerable Republican Secretary of State, Frank M. Jordan, "this grassroots movement that nominated Goldwater resulted from the undercurrent of feeling in people against having civil rights crowded down their throats. . . ."

The national signal for the showdown in California came in Washington in 1961, when the National Association of Real Estate Boards, in a policy statement, pledged "aggressive resistance to any trend which would vest in government, at any level, control over private transactions. . . ." Eugene P. Conser, NAREB's executive vice president, early last year warned that "successive destruction of property rights is the objective of the Communist conspiracy in this country." The California association's 1963 president, L. H. (Spike) Wilson, brushed aside FEPC evidence that fair-housing laws have worked out smoothly in New York and seven other states. In California, he suggested, to continue such laws would "lay the foundation for a police state." This atmosphere of threatened violence lingers about the Realtors' movement. Last February in Sacramento, signature getters transported their petitions for Proposition 14 in an armored car staffed with armed guards. "A rather frightening thing," said Governor Edmund G. Brown.

Public appeals have been repeatedly made to the directors of the CREA to repent and save any further tarnishing of their expensive, copyrighted word, "Realtor." The foes of housing discrimination hoped that when the directors met in the El Cortez Hotel in San Diego last March they might overthrow the Realtor establishment. There was no sign of a revolt.

The convention keynote speaker was Assemblyman E. Richard Barnes, a former Methodist Circuit minister, a former Navy chaplain who in 1962 was San Diego director of the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade. He was cheered by the 600 directors when he declared: "The Bible contains strong declarations in support of property rights. The commandment, 'Thou shalt not steal,' is such a pronouncement."

The directors' executive committee heard a twenty-minute address from Rev. C. Fain Kyle, a Negro Baptist from Tennessee, who told them that segregation is "God's will." He was given a standing ovation. He has made a number of speeches for the Realtors' position. This summer, in an address before 200 delegates to the American Institute of Building Design convention in San Francisco, he won prolonged applause when he said: "Rights do not belong just to the Negro and minority groups—seldom does anyone hear anything today about majority group rights." (The Reverend Kyle has carried a gun, and sometimes displayed it, in his campaigning. "I'm doing a dangerous job," he explained.)

During the CREA directors' convention, Howard Lewis finally got the floor to move for a reversal of the policy on Proposition 14. He was howled down.

Outside the El Cortez Hotel,

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CORE pickets paraded—and so did three uniformed men who identified themselves as Nazi "storm troopers." One of them carried a sign that said, "CREA, We Support You." The San Diego *Union and Tribune* carried no news of this.

The opposition to Proposition 14 is civic and massive and militant, but it is underfinanced. It really is that almost legendary condition, a "grass-roots" movement. Volunteers are knocking on doors all over the state, but they have nothing to offer investors except the dignity of man. How much is that worth in dollars?

The Realtors, too, are looking for more money. NAREB recently pledged them a $40,000 loan, a "line of credit" and a blitz TV and radio campaign to peak three weeks before the voting begins. "Vote Yes" billboards are beginning to appear in expensive locations.

The words and slogans the Realtors will use in their campaign finale will aim at the viscera of the voter, by-passing whatever of moral and logical arguments has been stored up in the brain. Every cliché of racism and paranoidal anti-communism will be vigorously exercised. We can expect the air waves to be filled with material similar to a broadside issued last November by a Los Angeles County rental office. It asked its tenants, "Are you particular who your neighbors are?" It asserted, "The Rumford Forced Housing Law forces us to rent to *anyone*, and any dirty, uncouth, unkempt, loud-mouthed, abusive person can haul us into court if we refuse to rent to him. . . ." Or will the TV-radio writers borrow from a leaflet distributed from a Berkeley center maintained by a Realtor-front organization? It said:

> *We know that a small minority coalition of pressure groups (California Democratic Clubs, American Civil Liberties Union, Communist Party, Americans for Democratic Action, CORE, NAACP and the Socialist Party) control the State Legislature. . . . This army worked and elected and legally seized control of the Democratic State Legislature, Governor's seat and many congressional seats.*

On June 25, the White Citizens Council convened an organizing meeting in Los Angeles. This was the first general evidence of the invasion of racists from the Deep South. On July 13, when the Republicans opened their national convention in San Francisco, the Citizens Councils of America—the field organization — presented Abraham Lincoln as a segregationist by quoting him out of context in a full-page advertisement in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. Three weeks later, the Greater Los Angeles Citizens Council held a meeting at the Breakfast Club in Los Angeles; its president, an insurance broker, Clyde Reynolds, announced that its objective was to pass Proposition 14. Early in August it was confirmed in Jackson, Miss., that locals of the Council would be established in Oakland and San Francisco under the direction of Kent H. Steffgen, who formerly was Birch Society organizer for Northern California.

The Councils' national administrator, W. J. Simmons, said the organization was going West for the purpose of "opposing transgression of the Government on the rights of white citizens. . . ." This language nearly parallels that used by both the national and state Realtor organizations in California. (Although the Realtors do not use the word "white"; they just say "citizens.")

The junction of racism, Dixie style, and racism, California style, has been visible for months on the tables of the American Opinion (Bircher) Libraries. During the Proposition 14 drive, copies of the petition nuzzled booklets like *The Invasion of Mississippi* by Early Lively, Jr., and bumper strips such as "Communism Killed Our President."

Another Southern colonial movement in California has been organized by the National States' Rights Party whose state chairman, Robert L. Lewton, Sr., says his group supports Proposition 14 under the slogan, "White Men Unite."

The CREA has developed a powerful link with the Southerners by its alliance with William K. Shearer of San Diego, who is the publisher of *The California Statesman*. He is on the payroll of the Committee for Home Protection, an *ad hoc* organization sponsored jointly by the CREA and the California Apartment House Owners Association. He works for this Proposition 14 committee as a "public relations consultant" and speech maker.

Shearer is a contributor to *The Citizen*, the magazine of the Citizens Councils of America. In one issue he strongly defended the John Birch Society and complained that the U.S. Supreme Court "has done more to . . . cause racial disturbance and unrest than any other organization in our history." In February, last year, he wrote an article in *The Citizen* in which he pinpointed the strategy now apparent in the new Republican Party:

> *What Republicans must consider nationally is this question: "To whom can we make the most effective appeal — to big-city negroes* [Shearer does not capitalize "Negro"] *accustomed to the welfare dole, or to Southern conservative segregationists whose views on economic questions are generally in line with the Republican economic philosophy?"*
>
> *The answer is obvious! Conservative Republicans have no chance to win the negro vote, but they* do *have a chance to win the Southern white vote, if the GOP will kick free from the ball and chain of integration.*

After labor leaders complained about Shearer's role in the campaign, the CREA executive vice president, H. Jackson Pontius, declared: "He knows quite a bit about politics and public relations and is a good writer and a good speaker." He said he felt "it is only natural that conservative and ultraconservative groups should align themselves with this campaign."

The only likely chance of defeating Proposition 14 is in the huge church vote. Some Catholics and a few Protestants may be influenced by the fact that Pope John XXIII said "every human being has the right to freedom of movement and of residence. . . ." California's eight Catholic bishops in August condemned racial discrimination as immoral. (Even Los Angeles' right-wing James Francis Cardinal McIntyre was drawn into this joint venture.) The Protestant and Jewish leaders are even more specific in their opposition. But the question is: Are the Judeo-Christian ethics husky enough, in 1964, to crack the color bar in California? A survey taken by the California Research Foundation among the voters of Berkeley who rejected a fair-housing ordinance showed that 98 per cent of those who voted against the proposal were Caucasians, 92 per cent of them were enrolled in Christian churches, and 69 per cent of them were fairly regular churchgoers. (And their average income was $9,500 a year.) If Proposition 14 passes, it will be by the grace of California's professed Christians.

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REPORT ON A TWO-MONTH VISIT

RUSSIA in 1964 . . . . . Alexander Werth

Paris

I have just spent two months in the Soviet Union. It might have been easier to write of the visit if I had been there only a week or two: impressions would no doubt have been clearer, my assessment of the situation more emphatic. For the more you see of Russia in 1964, and the more you talk to its people, the more sharply you recognize the extreme complexity at present of both the internal and international situation, and the great diversity of thought and feeling existing between, and within, population and age groups.

After returning from Russia I read in the London *Sunday Times* an article by Lord Thomson, the British press magnate, who had just visited the virgin lands of Kazakhstan in the company of Mr. Khrushchev. Lord Thomson wrote:

> *I came away from my visit to the Soviet Union convinced that the Russians are making a more rapid industrial advance than is generally realized in the West and . . . I am disturbed by this progress. There is no question of a communist war with the West . . . but Russian productivity makes them a formidable competitor for future world markets.*

He commented on the "incredible speed" with which blocks of flats, often prefabricated, are springing up in Moscow and other cities, and on the shops which, only eighteen months ago, "used to have bare windows" and "now display a wide range of goods."

Lord Thomson was also impressed by Khrushchev:

> *What a salesman! I think one of the world's greatest. He projects his views to his people so forcefully that it is little wonder that his leadership is so accepted. The ordinary people's attitude to Khrushchev is unique. They admire and respect, and yet are in no way awed by him. Rather it is the pride and affection of a perhaps humble family towards a member who has made good in a big way.*

All this, though correct up to a point, is rather an oversimplification. My last prolonged visit to Russia was in 1959-60, soon after Khrushchev's visit to the United States. My impression then was that Russia was sitting on top of the world; that prosperity was steadily growing, that everybody was highly optimistic about coexistence with the West, and that Khrushchev was immensely popular for both international and domestic reasons. Not only were material conditions rapidly improving, but people were also grateful for the newly enforced "Socialist legality," and for the freedom of discussion that seemed so remarkable after the then still recent Stalin era. Today, most Russians would probably agree with this striking passage from Togliatti's "political testament," written only a few days before his death:

> *It is wrong to speak of the socialist countries (and even of the Soviet Union) as if everything were always right in these countries. It was one of the mistakes of the 1960 resolution [of the Communist parties] to speak of the socialist countries in such terms. Difficulties, contradictions, new problems keep emerging all the time. . . . Nothing is worse than to create the impression that all is well and then, suddenly, to have to start explaining new difficulties as they arise . . . and which are not necessarily just isolated phenomena. . . .*

It may be argued that the disastrous Russian harvest of 1963 was an isolated phenomenon, but it continues to affect the Russian standard of living and the general mood of the country. Generally speaking, the Soviet Union is a well-going concern (though whether it is to become a "formidable competitor" is still to be demonstrated); but conditions today, I reckon, are more difficult than they were in 1959. Many aspects of everyday life are certainly admirable. When I spent three weeks in Leningrad in August, I noticed that there were practically no children in that great city of now 3.6 million people. They were in holiday camps or "children's summer colonies." I visited some of these, and everywhere I sensed the children to be happy, well-fed, full of a good spirit of comradeship and well disciplined by groups of benevolent teachers. Medical services in Russia are completely free to everybody, and there are more doctors — most of them women — per capita than in any other country. There are no pharmaceutical rackets: if, without consulting a doctor, you buy medicine in a drugstore, you pay a few cents for what would cost you a few dollars in the West.

Rents are very low; a friend of mine, a Leningrad writer, pays only $16 a month for a four-room apartment with central heating. Smaller apartments in the vast newly built areas of Leningrad can be had for between $5 and $10 a month. Since 1959, more than 250,000 apartments have been built in Leningrad alone, 42,000 of them in the current year. Moreover, many thousands of apartments in the older parts of Leningrad, which had fallen into a lamentable state as a result of the German blockade, are now undergoing a process of "capital repairs." Building on a similar scale is going on in practically every city in the Soviet Union. All cultural activity is cheap enough to be available to everybody — whether theatres, cinemas, books or phonograph records; the finest large classical LP records cost $1 apiece.

I remember Leningrad in 1943, when it was still under shellfire, and when the German lines were a couple of miles to the south. There were then only half a million people in Leningrad, about a million having died in the famine, and the rest having been evacuated. What a difference now! Where the German lines ran, there are thousands of new houses with parks and handsome avenues. A profusion of trams,

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Alexander Werth, who during the war years of 1941-46 was Moscow correspondent for the Sunday Times, *London, and the B.B.C., has been back to Russia several times since then. However, the two-month trip this summer was his longest visit to the country of his birth in almost twenty years. Mr. Werth is the author, among other books, of* Moscow War Diary *and* The Year of Stalingrad *(both Knopf) and of* Russia at War, *to be published by Dutton in November.*

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buses and trolley buses, and a sumptuous new subway, besides thousands of taxis, assure excellent transport. Admirable facilities are also provided for suburban transport and for fast steamer excursions to Lake Ladoga and beyond (passenger steamers now ply the rivers and canals all the way to Moscow). New summer resorts with enormous rest homes have sprung up along the Karelian Isthmus (annexed from Finland), and they are efficiently connected with the city by fast electric trains and buses. The school- and higher-education population is proportionately larger in Leningrad than anywhere else in Russia. The capital outlay on all this reconstruction has been astronomical, and one gets the surface impression of a buoyant, exuberant and very happy city.

Yet Leningrad today is a city with a grievance, and it is crowded with ghosts. Those older people who survived the blockade still tell harrowing stories of the famine of 1941-42; and the old Leningrader irrationally resents the presence of the 2 million newcomers who have taken the place of those who died in the war. There is also resentment against Moscow — against the "provincialization" of Leningrad, a city of great industrial, literary and historical traditions and, more recently, an unequaled record of mass heroism. Although it is still an important commercial and shipbuilding center, many of Leningrad's industries have, for strategic and other reasons, been moved to Siberia and Central Asia. If in the past it represented 20 to 25 per cent of the Soviet Union's industrial output, it now accounts for only some 5 per cent. With the near extinction of the old Leningrader, the city has lost much of its former individuality; its local press has become parochial (the *Leningradskaya Pravda* prints only 350,000 copies), and is being squeezed out by the Moscow papers. Whenever an outstanding actor or singer emerges in the Leningrad theatres, he is soon lured away to Moscow; and most Leningrad writers — the exception is a small, brilliant group including Olga Bergholz (a heroine of the blockade), Vera Ketlinskaya, Vera Panova, Anna Akhmatova and Yuri Gherman — have also moved to the capital.

Leningrad has other grievances, but those it voices in common with the rest of the country. Economic conditions, and particularly food conditions, are not good. The revaluation of the ruble (10 old rubles equal 1 new ruble) two years ago has tended, in all sorts of subtle ways, to increase the cost of living. There are signs of inflation. The new ruble is nominally worth more than a dollar, but it represents nothing like that in purchasing power. Shoes and clothes are expensive, the simplest cotton shirt costing $4 or $5. And most kinds of food are very dear: butter is about $2 a pound, meat and sausage and cheese approximately the same, and fruit and vegetables are scarce and three times as expensive as in Western Europe. Wages vary considerably: highly skilled workers, earning overtime, may receive up to $300 a month, but the average is nearer $100 (or 100 rubles). Until recently, many doctors and teachers earned only 70 or 80 rubles a month, so the 25 per cent increase given them in July by the Supreme Soviet —with a great display of generosity —was, in fact, scandalously overdue.

There are real compensations for these hardships; but even with the low rents and free services food remains burdensomely expensive (what is served in restaurants, moreover, is usually tasteless and sloppy). The system of distribution is defective; there are not enough food shops and queuing is still common. The people are forced to waste a great deal of time, and conditions favor under-the-counter rackets.

It may be a sign of greater freedom, but there is certainly a good deal of angry grumbling, not least among the working class. It is directed even at Khrushchev himself, whose optimistic forecasts of only a few years ago are now quoted against him. Some of the more irresponsible young people go as far as to claim that "things were better under Stalin"—he allegedly favored the urban population at the expense of the rural population, but now the tables are turned.

One reason for this popular view is that the actual income of the peasantry is considerably higher—"ten times higher" is the official claim—than it was a decade ago. As Maurice Hindus noted a few years ago in *A House Without a Roof*, the flight from the land has been stopped by the higher pay to the peasants and the appearance of consumer goods in the village stores. An important change in many parts of Russia, particularly in the Leningrad-Pskov-Novgorod provinces through which I traveled on this last trip, has been the gradual elimination since 1958 of the *trudodni* (labor-day) payments, mostly in kind, and their replacement by cash remuneration. Rates, however, vary greatly from kolkhoz to kolkhoz, and in the same kolkhoz workers may earn (according to their job and their performance) anywhere from $40 to $150 a month. Under the new wage system, their private plots are no longer the peasants' chief concern; indeed, the more highly paid members of the collective often prefer not to be bothered with small private plots at all, particularly since the taxes on them can run as high as $100 or $150 a year. Out of their cash earnings the peasants can now buy food from the kolkhoz at cost price. With the introduction of cash, the difference between kolkhozes and sovkhozes (state farms) has largely disappeared. The chief difference now is only that the "inventory" and other assets belong in one case to the collective and in the other to the state. Another recent concession to the peasants has been the introduction of old-age pensions—though not at a flat rate but depending on each person's "labor record."

For all that, it is still difficult to generalize about the state of Soviet agriculture. I saw in Byelorussia in July some backward kolkhozes which fully bear out the view often put forward in the Western press that, in the absence of efficient management and sufficient financial incentives, the collective farmers concentrate their energies on their private plots and hopelessly neglect the collective land. On the other hand, near Leningrad I saw some highly mechanized and specialized dairy farms and large truck gardens that come close to the highest "Danish" standards set by Mr. Khrushchev. (It has not passed unnoticed that Khrushchev, in his recent speeches, has repeatedly invoked Denmark and Iowa as examples to follow—with the prudent qualification that in both these places climatic conditions, plus the intensive use of fertilizers, are "unfortunately" much more favorable than almost anywhere in Russia.

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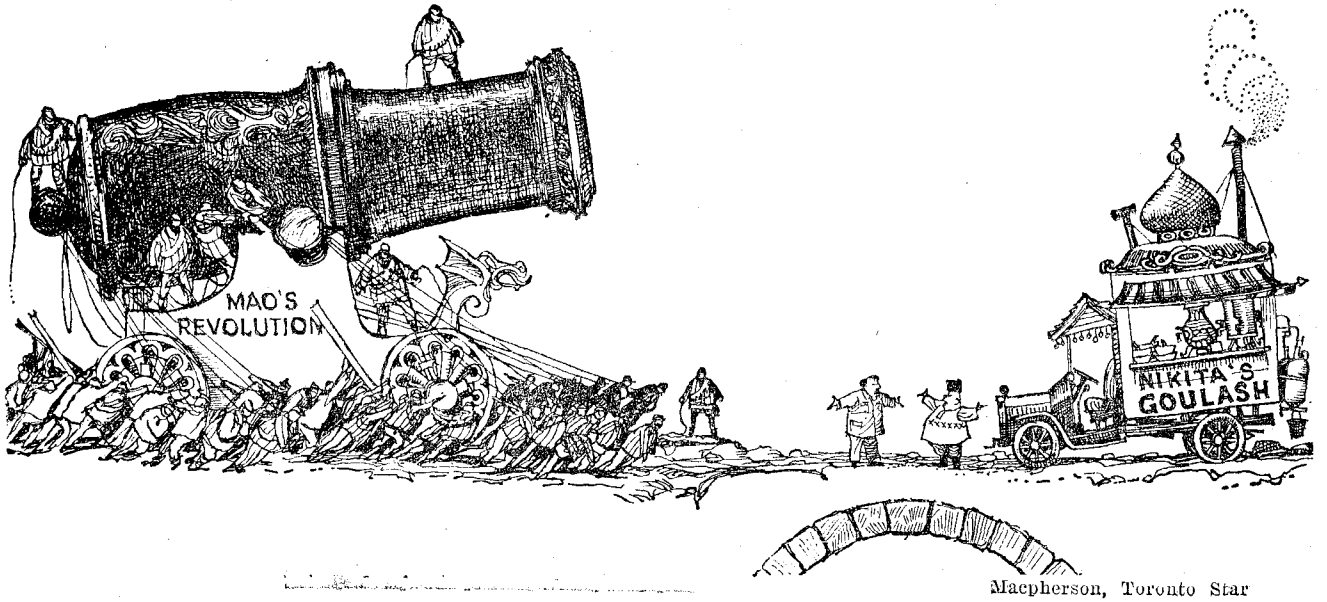
Few Russians I talked to would forecast the future of Soviet agriculture. There is still some skepticism about Khrushchev's panacea—fertilizers and still more fertilizers. As one Byelorussian kolkhoz chairman put it: "Fertilizers are O.K., but there was so little rain this year that the stuff was simply not absorbed in the soil." In the cities people still wonder whether there will be a major improvement in the food situation during the coming year. The 1964 harvest has been very uneven. If Khrushchev has effectively demonstrated that the virgin lands, far from being the "dust bowl" they are supposed by the Western press to have become, remain one of the very largest — Khrushchev said *the* largest — sources of grain, the fact remains that Northwest and Central Russia, Byelorussia and large parts of the Ukraine have again suffered severely from drought. At best, 1964 will be an average agricultural year.

For these reasons, perhaps, Khrushchev appears to be less popular with the industrial working class than with some sections of the peasantry, who compare their present condition with the ruthless exploitation they knew under Stalin. On the other hand, he is well regarded by the intellectuals. Engineers and technicians of every kind consider themselves a privileged elite; they live fairly well and regard themselves as the backbone of Russia's remarkable technical progress. Numerous young technicians with whom I spoke dwelt on the very much higher educational and scientific standards set today for filling any responsible job in industry. Scientists are also pro-Khrushchev, largely because he allows them considerable freedom of discussion. In biology, for example, the most controversial arguments can now take place without anybody "on top" declaring the Michurin-Lysenko school of thought to be sacrosanct, and "orthodox" Mendelian biology "counterrevolutionary."

The artistic and literary world also appreciates its greater freedom (though it may not show much respect for Khrushchev as a critic). Thus, I was present at several meetings of the Art Committee of *Lenfilm* (the Leningrad Film Studios), when the discussion was open and even violent, with no firm line being laid down from above. The artists and film makers no doubt realize that some ex-Stalinist hatchet men are still keeping a vigilant eye on them, but the feeling prevalent among these people—even among some of the most unorthodox—is: "For God's sake, let Khrushchev stay; anyone else might be *much* worse." This sentiment is uttered with reference to artistic freedom, and even more fervently with regard to personal freedom. As Olga Bergholz put it to me: "Khrushchev may not be a great literary critic but, hell, so long as he's there I know at least that I shall never go to jail as I did in 1938 under Stalin." And the novelist, Yuri Gherman, who had me to dinner several times in his apartment overlooking the Summer Garden in Leningrad, would always drink his first glass of vodka "to the health of Nikita." "Thanks to him," he would add, "we can sleep peacefully, without fearing that 3 A.M. knock on the door." The abolition of fear is certainly the greatest thing that has happened in Russia in the last ten years, and the intelligentsia appreciates it more keenly than anyone else.

But the new freedom is only one part of the story. If nobody is worried any more about his personal security "so long as Nikita is there," everybody in Russia is sharply worried about the way the world is going. And everywhere—whether on collective farms, among writers, in editorial offices in Leningrad and Moscow, or simply in casual conversations with taxi drivers and with people on buses — I had the same question fired at me: "That guy Goldwater—will the Americans be crazy enough to elect him?" For Goldwater means to all these people not only a possible war, but a *probable* war. At one extreme stands Goldwater; at the other stands China. And both of them deeply affect, Russians believe, the very future of their country. I remember that one newspaper man remarked to me as he looked dismally at two pages of *Pravda* filled with Khrushchev's jovial speeches in Kazakhstan about fertilizers and tractors and this kind of wheat being better than that kind of wheat: "Good God, the guy is whistling in the dark. Why pretend he is interested in all this rubbish when he knows he may soon have to face the biggest crisis of his life?"

Not to play into the hands of Goldwater propaganda, the Soviet press has been relatively discreet



Macpherson, Toronto Star

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about "backing" Johnson. But in Russia I listened to countless round-table radio discussions by foreign-policy experts on such unexpected topics as the struggle "between Wall Street and Eastern capitalism on the one hand, and the Californian and Western capitalism on the other." The gist of that particular discussion was that, while "Eastern" American capitalism was content to make vast profits out of cold-war rearmament, "Western" capitalism advocated a policy of adventure that could lead only to world disaster.

In other words, a Goldwater victory would mean the end of the policy symbolized by the test-ban treaty, which is also looked upon as the real cornerstone of Khrushchev's foreign policy. The test-ban treaty is primarily associated with the name of Kennedy (now almost a saint and martyr in Russian eyes), but it is not dissociated from Johnson, whose message to Khrushchev on the anniversary of the treaty was noted with satisfaction. At the same time, there are suspicions in Russia that Goldwater pressure has already brought about in America a rightist drift and a more aggressive policy. What Togliatti said in his testament is, roughly, what many Russians also told me:

A Goldwater victory—that is, the victory of a man who has included war in his program and who talks like a fascist—is not to be excluded by any means. But what is worse, the Goldwater offensive is pushing the whole American political front to the right, and strengthens the tendency to find an answer to America's internal contradictions in a more aggressive foreign policy and in an agreement with the most reactionary groups of Western Europe.

The Russians believe that such groups will be sought first and foremost in Western Germany, but not in France or Britain. The hostility to Goldwater, even in the ultraconservative French and British press, has led Russian commentators to say that a Goldwater victory would at least have the advantage of breaking up the free world and NATO, since neither Britain nor France would associate itself with Goldwater's foreign policy. It is not said entirely in jest; among the more curious recent developments have been the friendly talks with Foreign Secretary Butler in Moscow this summer, the extraordinarily cordial exchange of messages between Khrushchev and de Gaulle on the twentieth anniversary of the liberation of Paris (de Gaulle going so far as to say that France and Russia would work jointly for the preservation of a lasting peace in Europe and the world), and, strangest of all, the earnest Russian attempt to improve relations with Western Germany. In July, *Izvestia* ran a series called "We Saw Western Germany" by a group of correspondents headed by Khrushchev's son-in-law, Alexei Adjubei, who had had long talks with Erhard and other German leaders, and who concluded:

We believe that in the German Federal Republic a more reasonable attitude is developing, or is beginning to develop, among people in the most different social, political and economic positions.

This generalization was applied even to a die-hard like Franz-Josef Strauss, who not so long ago had advocated the atomic destruction of the Soviet Union. He now told these Soviet visitors: "We realize that if there's another war, Western Germany will be biologically destroyed, though the Soviet Union and the U.S.A. may partly survive." The reporters said they were treated everywhere "in a friendly way" and that "West Germany was very worried about Goldwater." But, most astonishing of all, they quoted an important Ruhr industrialist as saying to them: "What about getting back to Rapallo?" The Russian writers hastened to point out that the Rapallo agreement of 1922, under which the Weimar Republic broke out of its isolation and started playing off the East against the West, was ancient history; nor did they say anything about Rapallo having been, as it were, a forerunner of the Soviet-German Pact of 1939. Nevertheless, they thought that this mention of Rapallo by a Ruhr magnate was significant.

This German did not think of a literal repetition of Rapallo, which would have been unrealistic, but he must have thought of the spirit of Rapallo, of that spirit of realism which should in future dominate the relations between the Bundesrepublik *and the Soviet Union.*

And they had other talks with West German industrialists, including a Krupp director. They made no mention of the Russian slave labor employed by Krupp during the war, saying instead that Krupp was now concentrating on "peaceful steel products," and that its director had urged on them a vast expansion of Soviet-West German trade. Later, the Russians also noted with much satisfaction that Chancellor Erhard put the blame explicitly on Hitler for the outbreak of World War II. Since then, Khrushchev's visit to Bonn early next year has been officially announced.

This flirtation with West Germany no doubt worried the Poles, Czechs and East Germans. Their misgivings may account for Khrushchev's recent assurances about the sanctity of Poland and Czechoslovakia's western frontiers and for the fact that the Khrushchev-Novotny communiqué at the end of the Prague talks denounced West German militarism with particular vigor. All the same, Khrushchev's attempts to develop closer political and economic relations with West Germany will continue. *Izvestia* quoted Erhard as saying that "No one represented the great Soviet Union as well as Mr. Khrushchev."

There are, obviously, two motives behind this surprising development. A minor one is the discreet warning to Poland, Czechoslovakia and the other East European countries not to become too independent in dealing with the Soviet Union; the major one is to encourage West Germany to withstand any temptations coming from the American Right, with the suggestion that a "realistic" Soviet-German settlement can be reached without anyone's resorting to methods which would lead only to the "biological destruction" of the Germans.

In short, the threat of Goldwater himself or the "Goldwaterization" of American foreign policy has already initiated a *rapprochement* between Russia and Western Europe. The response of de Gaulle (frustrated in his now seemingly defunct Paris-Bonn Axis plans) has been particularly striking. De Gaulle is not only totally anti-Goldwater, but has also been viewing with particular distaste and alarm the pursuit by the United States of its "insane" war in Vietnam. In de Gaulle's perhaps oversimplified view, Russian communism exists today only on paper; in the flesh it is dead. He now sees in these latest developments the beginning of the fulfillment of his prophecy that "Europe" will stretch

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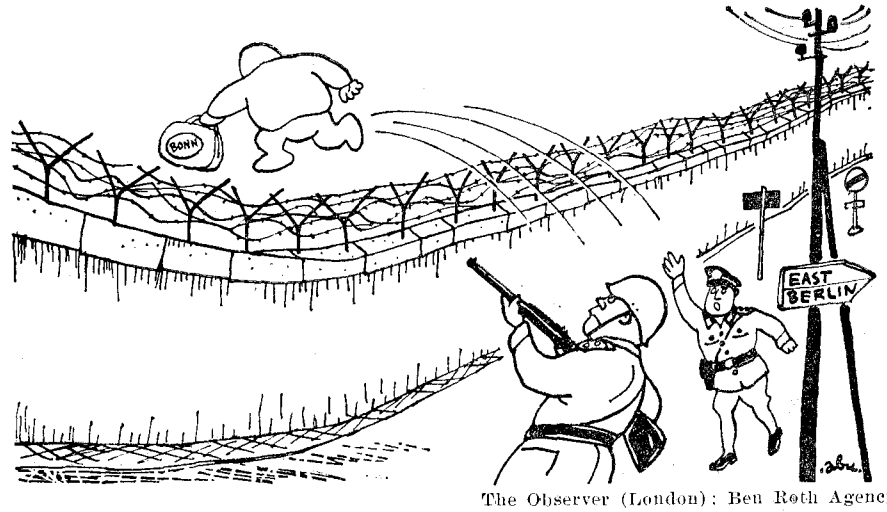
from the Atlantic to the Urals, Russia being essentially a "national" state, not so very different from, say, France or Britain.

Oddly enough, if one talks to "ordinary" Russians, as I have done, one feels that this is not so very far from the truth; these Russians want to live in peace with everybody. They are intensely patriotic and even nationalistic, but are singularly free—freer than in 1959—from any missionary spirit with world pretensions. And, if one skims off the official Marxist-Leninist verbiage, this very widespread public sentiment is largely reflected in Khrushchev's increasingly cautious foreign policy. Although, as it were, honor bound to defend Cuba in the event of an American invasion, Russia is clearly eager to avoid any other major entanglements abroad. There has been remarkably little excitement in Moscow over Vietnam (less, if anything, than in Paris), and perhaps the most significant remark made by the Russians about Cyprus was that they could not remain indifferent to the conflict there "in view of Cyprus' proximity to the southern frontiers of the Soviet Union." On the other hand, the growing indifference to Africa is very marked. Africa is not near the Soviet borders; most African rulers are considered corrupt, or at best unreliable, and the political advantages of giving large-scale aid to Africa—which Russia can ill afford, anyway—are highly uncertain. Soviet protests against the American and Belgian armed support given to Tshombe in the Congo have been purely platonic, and in curious contrast with the intense interest in the Congo in 1960. The Russians see no great danger in America's becoming entangled in Africa; they even see some possible advantages, such as the growing rivalry that is already developing there among the capitalist powers, and notably between France and the United States.

Another factor has played some part in Russia's growing lack of interest in Africa. A high proportion of the African students in the Soviet Union have not made themselves popular; many are ill behaved and arrogant and, when called to order, never fail to scream about "racial discrimination." I found the dislike of Africans to be very widespread. Russia is rather more sympathetic to the Arab world, and Nasser and especially Ben Bella are held in reasonably high esteem, at least for the present. But in their cases, too, there are many mental reservations and a widespread public reluctance to seeing much money go abroad.



The Observer (London); Ben Roth Agency
"Hold It! It's Nikita!"

The Russians cannot in all fairness be called racialists; on the other hand, they do have a very strong streak of "Europeanism." I spent one evening with a group of young Russian technicians in Moscow, people belonging to the younger elite of the Khrushchev regime. They talked most freely about the pros and cons of the Chinese issue, and of the famous Suslov Report, which indicted Chinese "racialism." I was particularly struck by one remark with which everyone present seemed more or less to agree: "In the last few years we have seen a great many Chinese and Japanese. The two are very different people, but with both of them we had the same feeling: they have a *mentality that's different from ours*. When we meet Englishmen, or Poles, or Frenchmen, or even Americans and Germans, we seem to have a common language; we seem to think along the same lines. But with the Chinese (or the Japanese, for that matter) we just don't seem to have a common language."

This deep-seated Russian Europeanism, opposed to the Chinese anti-Europeanism, has perhaps more to do with the Soviet-Chinese quarrel than appears on the surface. The ideological differences between China and Russia have been intensified by Chinese claims on Soviet territory, and the Soviet press, perhaps aware of the Russian public's insufficient interest in ideology, has tried to stir up a strong national sentiment against the Chinese by making a great song and dance over Mao Tse-tung's "territorial claims," even though these are surrounded as yet by all kinds of *ifs* and *whens*.

Khrushchev has had bad luck with the Chinese. Under Stalin, the Chinese fully accepted Soviet leadership of the Socialist bloc. The first serious disagreements occurred at the time of Russia's difficulties with Hungary and Poland in 1956; in 1957, Sputnik raised Russian prestige to a new high, and China again accepted its leadership. But then Khrushchev suffered a number of setbacks—first in Berlin, later in Cuba—and Chinese arrogance grew. At least until recently Khrushchev could see only two ways of saving the situation: either, under the pressure of the great majority of the world's Communist parties, China would be made to toe the line; or, failing that, China would be "condemned," and Russia would at least save from the wreck herself and her loyal allies, the East European Communist parties, the French and Italians and a few (mostly "white") little parties here and there.

But things have not turned out as Khrushchev hoped. His proposal for a "preparatory" conference in Moscow on December 15, to pave the way for a world conference of all the Communist parties, was rejected at once by the Chinese as an arbitrary and unilateral decision. "If, in the circumstances," the Chinese declared, "the preparatory conference still meets, it will mark the great schism in the world's working-class movement."

Khrushchev seems to have blundered in calling this meeting without first making sure of the support he would get. The considerable in-

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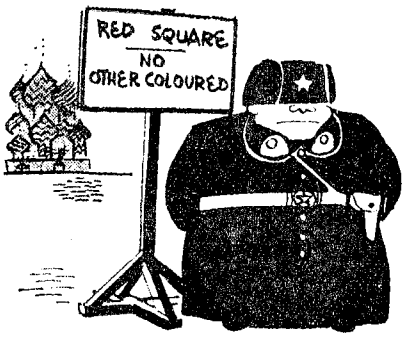
dependence which the East European People's Democracies now show toward the Soviet Union, and their resistance to the "monolith" concept of the Stalin days, showed strongly on this occasion. After more than a month, only ten of the twenty-six Communist parties invited to Moscow had agreed to attend, the most important of these being the French and the Czechs. But the Rumanians, Poles and Hungarians were in no hurry to accept; and then, on September 4, came the publication, some two weeks after his death, of Togliatti's "political testament." It proved to be explosive. The Italian Communist leader had died in the Crimea on August 21, after only a few days' illness. Expecting to see Khrushchev, he had prepared a memorandum on the proposed meeting and on other issues relevant to the future of the Communist movement; but by the time Khrushchev arrived, Togliatti was dead.

On the following day, the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party published a statement that exalted Togliatti as a friend of the Soviet Union, as a remarkable theorist, as a supporter of proletarian internationalism and of the complete unity of the Communist movement of the world, and as an uncompromising enemy of all deviationists and sectarians. Meanwhile, Khrushchev must have received a copy of Togliatti's memorandum, for in the highly emotional oration he delivered the same day over Togliatti's coffin, he used scarcely any of the committee's phrases, and confined himself chiefly to recalling Togliatti's activities as a member of the Comintern before the war.

But whether Khrushchev liked it or not, the Togliatti testament was published in Rome on September 3. It contained a new defense of that very "polycentrism" of the world Communist movement which Russia has severely attacked in the past; a sharp criticism of both the clumsiness and the superficiality of the "de-Stalinization" process in Russia; disagreement with the Russians in matters of artistic freedom, and strong objections to the Russian form of anti-religious propaganda; and, most important perhaps, a grave warning to Khrushchev, in view of growing rightist trends in American foreign policy, against splitting the Communist bloc through an ill-considered condemnation of China at the December meeting.



Waite, London Daily Sketch
Ben Roth Agency

So far, the Togliatti "testament" has not appeared in the Soviet press and, judging from the highly expurgated version published in the entirely pro-Moscow *L'Humanité*, the French Communist paper, it must have caused Khrushchev the greatest embarrassment. But he wants to go ahead with the December 15 meeting, even if he does not receive full support from the Poles, Italians and many others. On my last day in Leningrad — before the Togliatti document had been published — I had an illuminating talk with a top-ranking party member. His position, in summary, was as follows:

(1) We are not worried that Poles, Hungarians and others should follow their own lines, each Communist party responding to concrete national problems of its country—provided, of course, that the Warsaw Pact remains in place so long as NATO continues.

(2) We do not mind that East European countries should have business dealings with the West — we are more eager than ever to do business with the West ourselves. We put forward proposals for Comecon, but these are not forced on anybody, as they were in the Stalin days. Those who say (and some do) that we should have preserved a "monolithic" Stalin empire by force are unrealistic.

(3) The Chinese have gone much too far in their abuse of us, and their territorial claims have aroused violent anti-Chinese sentiment in our country. A breach with the Chinese will merely acknowledge something that already exists and may strengthen the bloc around the Soviet Union (there was some wishful thinking here in the suggestion that all Russia's friends would readily "condemn" China).

(4) China is no immediate danger to us. What we want is to improve our relations with the United States—that is the essence of the Khrushchev policy. And that is why we are worried about Goldwater, and hope that Johnson wins a major victory in the election. It seems the only hope of saving peace for many years to come.

When I asked whether there was not some opposition inside the Soviet Communist Party to this policy, he reluctantly admitted that there was a group he called "the pro-Chinese Stalinites." In reply to my suggestion that a complete (or even partial) Goldwater victory would mean the end of Khrushchev, he replied: "Not necessarily. For remember that the preparatory meeting has been fixed for December 15, when the results of the American election will be known. If Goldwater is successful, Khrushchev will have time to reassess the whole Chinese problem; but, for the present, he is absolutely right to pursue his so-called 'pro-American' policy. You have been here long enough to know that that is precisely what our people want."

It is not at all certain that Khrushchev could successfully make that quick shift. A reconciliation between Russia and China seems possible only if Khrushchev, Mao's enemy No. 1, is eliminated. A story widely put about in Russia is that the Chinese *want* Goldwater—as a means of consolidating the Communist bloc in their own way and, incidentally, of unseating Khrushchev.

But, as against this, there is Western Europe, where a Goldwater victory might help Khrushchev if, as seems only too likely, Europe were to loosen, even break, its bonds with America.

Nor is that all. Some Russians discreetly hint that even more dangerous than a Goldwater victory would be a small and "Goldwaterized" Johnson victory. This would not break up the Western alliance, but it might well reopen the cold war. (This argument is to be found in a slightly different form in the Togliatti testament.) In that case, increased armaments expenditures would weigh more and more heavily on the Soviet economy and on the standard of living. One of the remarks I heard most frequently in Russia was: "Life is improving in lots of ways, but not as fast as we had hoped. We cannot avoid arms expenditure, and we are a tough people and are used to privations. The Chinese like to talk about our *embourgeoisement*, our 'affluent society.' Unfortunately, arms expenditure stands between us and affluence, and we worry that it may get still worse. That's why we are all watching America."

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The GOLDEN GRIN . . . . . Robert Hughes

On October 18, the World's Fair will close for six months and the sense of desolation common to all empty circuses will fall on Flushing Meadow. Millions of visitors, including me, will have been fed through its turnstiles and will have emerged with wildly different impressions. My reaction was amazement, of the kind one always feels at superstitious rituals. For the World's Fair was a vast exercise in icon-kissing.

We all have our superstitions. A friend of mine, a painter, once lived for two years in the house of the Ogoga of Ikerre, a West African king. That was thirty years ago, and the Ogoga was a cultivated man. He had done away with the ritual of eating his predecessor's heart on taking the throne, and he had a car in which he would drive, when state occasion demanded, from one end of his city to the other—some 800 yards. Jungle tracks and tropical rains had sapped its mechanism, but the Ogoga had a cure for that. When his car broke down, the priests would dismantle it in front of his mud palace. Off came the hub caps, the mirrors, the headlights, and all shiny parts of the coach work; the spark plugs were removed and burnished, the tool kit also; these were all laid out in a ritual pattern. The priests would then cover them with sacrificial blood and eggs, to appease the balky god of the machine.

The Ogoga is dead now. His spirit, apparently, has moved to New York and reincarnated itself in Robert Moses.

Photographed from below, arms akimbo, looming like Atlas with the Unisphere perched on his back by U.S. Steel: there is Moses, on page 10 of the World's Fair Guide, belting out his message to visitors:

> *What is it you want? Vast forces dormant in nuggets of imprisoned sunlight? Machines that fly, think, transport, fashion and do men's work? Dead Sea Scrolls? Painted lilies and refined gold? The products of philosophy, which is the guide of life, and knowledge, which is power? We have them all. Study the fair. Come often . . . save your arches, spare your muscles, use your head; patronize buses, rolling stock, rides, ramps and escalators; spot the oases and cultivate repose in the midst of multifarious activities. . . .*

Only the Ogoga of Flushing Meadow could have devised such prose. Inspired by it—I hadn't been in New York for five years—I patronized a train to Flushing. Now the World's Fair isn't something you just visit. You must plunge in; the plastic heaven of Moses demands baptism by total immersion. The effect isn't tonic: it debilitates; it causes the initiate to doubt his own existence.

You are submerged in slogans and displays, dioramas and neon. Muzak blares and wheedles from a thousand speakers. Even the little Escorter taxiettes, jinking along at 3 miles an hour, play a promotional tune for Greyhound buses instead of hooting at the pedestrians. From the moment you enter Flushing Meadow, you become a fetus in the bulging womb of commerce, suspended in an amniotic fluid of ballyhoo and gimmickry. You are disoriented and cushioned, and thus made porous to the seepage of advertising copy which is the sole reason for the fair. Every sharp edge is padded, every horizon blurred. Each sign of identity, national or personal, is reduced to a cliché.

And so to visit any country's pavilion is to emerge laden with its most overworked tourist images. Here is the Taj Mahal; you eat a curry, so mild as to be unrecognizable, served by picturesque Sikhs with their beards in hair nets. So much for India. Do the rubes want Japan? Play down the difference between East and West, but remember that a whiff of the exotic never hurts. So give them a Good Design Medal stone fortress, crammed to the loopholes with rockets, cameras, computors, transistor TV sets and a planetarium projector; add a mural showing how, since Commodore Perry, Japan has been able to develop a real civilization; flavor the lot with sake, geishas and an ikebana arrangement of plastic flowers set next to a Coke machine.

Because China doesn't exist, an elaborate temple of gold leaf and vermilion lacquer was set up and filled with displays of democracy at work in Taiwan. But the top floor carried a show of old porcelain and scrolls, whose point as a manifestation of the glories of Chiang Kai-shek was a little reduced by the fact that they all came from mainland China. Art transcends politics; no doubt if Robert Moses had given Guatemala a booth at the fair, it would have celebrated nothing but United Fruit and the CIA.

The Polynesian exhibit was a restaurant with fireproof grass umbrellas, and a village where Noble Savages dived for oysters "transported from Pacific pearl beds," perhaps on the same barges which floated the life-size tyrannosaurs and dinosaurs from the East Side to Dinoland: pre-history is as cosy as today. Nor is Robert Moses' awareness of the heroic figures of our time less accurate than his sense of place. Walker's International Wax Museum offers full-sized figures molded in wax to represent personalities out of the past (Napoleon, Frederic Chopin, Lady Godiva) and the present (Dr. Kildare, Robert Moses, the cast of the Folies Bergère).

Can a general theme be decoded from the sprawl of the fair? It seems there are two: (1) I caricature myself, therefore I am; (2) Come buy. The fair is only nominally a gathering of nations. In fact it is a promotional orgy for American business. It is also a tourist catcher, but that kind of promotion *can* be done on a decent level of sensibility: witness the Spanish Pavilion, whose beautiful, austere design, refreshed with just the right touch of informality and mercifully avoiding the banal Spain of flamenco, wine skins and Brave Bulls, was the best thing anywhere on Flushing. Sometimes the self-parody is redeemed by its own ironical sharpness, which may or may not be intentional. A case in point is the "money tree" outside the American Express Pavilion. One million dollars in cash hangs from its branches. But touch it, and you get a violent electric shock. There is always a knot of people around its trunk, staring upwards with the glazed, runny, helpless desire of Pavlov's dogs.

But as a rule, the self-parody does not work. Two of the fair's grosser examples are the Vatican and the Illinois Pavilion.

The Vatican's effort was unique;

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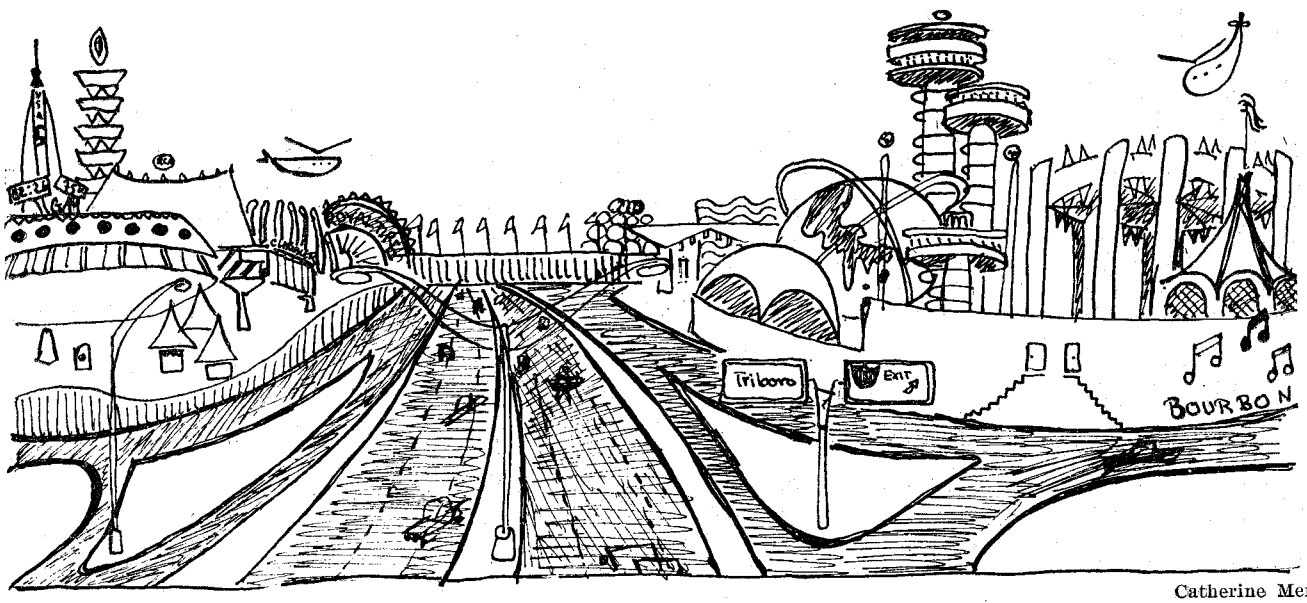
whatever objections you may have to the design and contents of the other religious pavilions at the fair, their faults were at least appropriate—the earnest Mormon waxworks, the glitter of Billy Graham's spiritual hot-dog stand. But the Vatican managed to imply that the Catholic Church had been specially invented for the World's Fair by an impresario from Las Vegas. Its climax was the *Pietà*. You are funneled, a molecule in the crowd, through antechambers full of ersatz stained glass, past panels covered with quotations from the New Testament and the New Frontier, to a conveyor belt. Canned Gregorian chants fill a dark auditorium. At 2 mph maximum reverence speed, the conveyor whisks you past the *Pietà*. On either side of it, blue lights are hung in vertical clusters, blinking hypnotically. Behind the statue is a large crucifix, draped in purple cloth. The warm old marble is drained by the lights to a dead fish-belly white: is it really the *Pietà*, this ghost behind its bullet-proof glass, or is it a wax effigy from Madame Tussaud's? Where else in the world would Michelangelo need the help of a Broadway stage designer, Jo Mielziner, to decorate his genius? And what is there about New York that compels a sculpture which has stood undamaged and undefaced in Rome since 1499 to be fenced about with guards and armor?

In the Illinois Pavilion is another auditorium, this time with seats. Patriotic music swells from the loudspeakers. The curtains part, revealing a colonnaded room whose porticoes are open to the sky and the dome of the Capitol. In a chair sits a dark figure. The lights go up. The figure raises its head. Seamed face with plastic bones, cosmetic skin, fiberglas beard: it is Lincoln, or rather a complicated effigy of him, put together by Walt Disney and "capable of more than 250,000 combinations of action, including smiles, frowns and gestures." In a whir of synthetic tendons, this political Golem stands and speaks. "Four score and seven years ago. . . ." The noble words spin on, the mechanical lips flap, the jaw opens and shuts, the arms wave stiffly. The Lincoln is switched off. It sits; more music plays; the lights go up on the diorama behind. The sky over the Capitol turns into the Stars and Stripes. Even Nature is American. If you want to shake hands with Lincoln, his right palm is warmed by a rheostat to body temperature.

More than any other object in Flushing Meadow, this obscene doll epitomizes what is wrong in Robert Moses' promised land. Illusion is everywhere substituted for reality. Moses' intention was to present the world as a suburb of America, and America itself as the modern version of the old myth, the Land of Cockayne, where roast pigs walk, pies fly into the mouth, and the streets are tiled with pancakes. (It is not by accident that a sign on one pavilion advertises "ALASKA — THE ICE CREAM STATE.") In the Land of Cockayne, there are no differences; everything is bland, edible, ready to the lazy hand. This is why every foreign country at the fair, from Africa to Venezuela, displays only those images of itself that are most easily reflected in the home eye, and offers only those goods that can be classified as export luxuries. The fact that Indonesia is sending paratroops armed with machine guns to Malaysia is far less important than the fact that it can send batik scarfs to American shops.

Nothing menaces in the Land of Cockayne. It is an island state. Strangers don't exist. Accordingly, Robert Moses could mount a World's Fair which omitted Russia, all Central Europe and most of Asia, while including Clairol, General Cigar, Mastro Pizza, Johnson's Wax and Seven-Up. Even within the Western bloc the fair is not a World's Fair at all. England, Italy, Holland, Australia and a dozen other countries of more political and economic importance than many of the participating nations are not represented. The Bureau Internationale des Expositions, which meets in Brussels and governs all matters relating to world's fairs, decided that the United States had had its quota with the 1962 Seattle Fair. It refused to grant Moses a charter. Consequently some of its member states abstained. Others stayed away for a more pragmatic reason: price. The fair is one of the largest investments in almost useless real estate since the construction of the Pyramids. The World's Fair Corporation itself built only seven of the 150 pavilions. The rest were paid for by governments and businesses, at huge cost —$17 million for the Federal Pavilion, more than $2 million for the Vatican. It is very doubtful that the corporations which paid so lavishly



Catherine Merrill

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for their pavilions will get their money back from this kind of advertising. But, as one executive remarked to me, "We couldn't afford *not* to spend. You can't look cheap." Behind the gaudy, vulgar buildings of the fair, with their treacly fountains of advertising copy, there is a note of unease. One hint of it, which seems to have escaped the vigilant optimism of the fair's officers, was in the World's Fair Guide: "One company with a Fair concession had 200 jobs open to women. More than 4,000 applications were received."

This fixed, simple grin with gold teeth, this extravagant icon of prosperity, this Nineveh of illusion—what will overseas visitors make of it? I don't know; being one myself, I can only describe my own reactions. The fair is to wealth what Forest Lawn is to death, and Barry Goldwater is to politics. It implies the passing of "the Kennedy style," with all its attendant complexities of humanism, and heralds a return to the Philistine simplicities that Calvin Coolidge summed up: "Business is America's business." Which means, in the end, that you believe witchcraft works.

The Church and the Pill . . . . Robert E. Hall, M.D.

The Catholic Church today is engaged in a battle—the birth-control battle—the outcome of which will shape the world's future. Whereas initially this battle seemed specifically to involve partisans of the Catholic and non-Catholic points of view, lately it has pitted individual Catholic casuists against one another. So divisive has this debate become, in fact, that Pope Paul has felt constrained to enjoin its participants from making their views public.

But it is too late to censor these men. They have already spoken; the battle lines have been drawn. The Ecumenical Council, now reconvened in Rome, is expected to consider a proposal to the effect that "family limitation may be a necessity in the modern world." If this is accepted, the means to this end may be further explored. Then the battle will really rage and the lives of half a billion Catholics and their progeny will be fundamentally affected by its outcome.

Whence does the traditional Catholic ban on birth control originate? There is nothing in the Bible about contraception. Genesis contains the words, "Be fruitful and multiply," but this phrase is commonly regarded as a blessing, not a command; either way, the words made sense in the underpopulated world of Biblical times. Genesis also contains the story of Onan, whose brother died, leaving a childless widow. According to the law of the levirate, Onan was required to impregnate his sister-in-law in order to perpetuate the family line, but in so doing "he spilled his seed upon the ground" and the Lord slew him. Most theologians believe that the Lord slew Onan because he disobeyed the law of the levirate; only the Catholic leaders believe that Onan was punished for practicing birth control.

Is it not of supreme significance that the idea of marital continence originated not with Christ but with His celibate followers? The earliest Christian to touch upon this subject directly was St. Paul. He recommended complete abstinence for all; but St. Paul believed that the Second Coming of Christ would occur in his lifetime and hence that further propagation of the race was unnecessary.

Further exhortation to continence was voiced by St. Augustine, 354-430 A.D., who is regarded by many as the founder of Christian theology. After a profligate youth of which he later wrote, "I boiled over in my fornications," St. Augustine resolved in his Confessions that "It is good for a man not to touch a woman," and "Intercourse even with one's legitimate wife is unlawful and wicked where the conception of offspring is prevented." Fifteen hundred years later Pope Pius XI referred to the latter statement as part of "an uninterrupted Christian tradition."

The rationalization of this tradition was supplied in the thirteenth century by St. Thomas Aquinas, a

St. Paul Preaching to the Athenians (After Raphael)

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well-born lad who entered a monastery at 5, became a friar before puberty, defended his virginity with vigor, and concluded that "every carnal act done in such a way that generation cannot follow is a vice against nature and a sin ranking next in gravity to homicide." Thus natural law was summarily invoked and further analysis became unthinkable.

These precepts of Augustine and Aquinas remained unchallenged among Catholics until this century. They were repeated more or less verbatim in the encyclical of Pius XI, *Casti Connubii*, published in 1930. Catholic parents who wanted to limit the number of their children in those days had to choose between absolute abstinence and contraceptive sin. Then in 1931, the scientific basis was discovered for a birth-control system based upon periodic continence. In his 1951 address to the Italian Catholic Union of Midwives, Pius XII officially endorsed this so-called rhythm system as a means of family limitation under conditions approved by the Church.

Thus the principle of birth control is accepted by the Church, but the means of achieving it has been arbitrarily limited to rhythm, the only allegedly "natural" method. The conditions under which family planning is approved vary widely from priest to priest. Some permit rhythm to limit offspring to the number that their parents can responsibly raise; others endorse its use only in cases of serious medical illness.

Echoing Augustine in modern times, Father William J. Gibbons, S.J., of Fordham University, has said: "[The Church] does not wish to see sexual expression regarded as an independent good." Others go further in describing the purpose of rhythm as not only limitation of progeny but also "limitation of sexual indulgence." Whether defined in such outspoken terms or in more conventional euphemisms, rhythm is not birth control at all, it is *sex control.*

If a woman would practice rhythm with optimal success, she must abstain from intercourse for a minimum of ten days a month; should she also elect to abstain during her four-day menstrual period she will sleep alone half of her adult life. And this minimum requirement applies only to women with predictable periods; the demands upon their many less regular sisters are correspondingly more stringent. Yet if the effectiveness of any couple's method of birth control falls below 90 per cent, as it often does with rhythm, their home will be blessed with a new life on an average of every fifteen months.

Rhythm, then, is less effective than modern contraceptive methods. No one knows this better than the devout Catholic. And since women throughout history have sought to limit their family size (Hannah in the Old Testament: "She who has many children is forlorn"), Catholic doctrine and Catholic desire have here reached an impasse. In consequence, the devout Catholic woman gives birth every fifteen months for twenty years, while the average Catholic woman gives birth every fifteen months until her conflicting views on family size and religion induce her to resort to artificial contraception or sterilization, and the liberal Catholic woman disregards her Church's mandate from the outset by choosing a more reliable method of birth control.

Aware of the fact that fully half of its followers admit to using artificial contraceptives, the Catholic hierarchy nevertheless persists in condemning the practice as a grievous sin contrary to natural law. Why? Because it theoretically thwarts "the primarily procreative purpose" of the sex act. Let us examine this premise in the light of simple secular common sense. (And here St. Thomas would smile, perhaps even in belated concurrence, for he defined natural law as "the work of . . . practical reason or what we would call common sense.")

Except for eating, drinking and sleeping, what is more natural than sexual intercourse? Do not men and women *instinctively* turn to sex for pleasure as well as for progeny? In contrast to the beasts of the field, man is endowed with an unremitting desire for sexual expression. Most mammals couple only when they can conceive; man couples whether conception is possible or not. According to the Catholic interpretation of natural law, this sustained sexuality in man must be directed toward unlimited procreation or dispelled through self-control. Might it not be as cogently argued that the very purpose of this constant libido, so nearly unique in man, is expression of the higher form of love that is also so nearly unique in him?

Surely the only purpose of sex in cases of sterility, pregnancy and the menopause is pleasure, yet sex in these situations is condoned by the Church. One of the normal, healthy purposes of sex at all times is pleasure, as the ultimate expression of marital love. If an adult man and wife decide for any reason that they do not want to have children for the time being, why should sexual pleasure be denied them?

The leaders of other great religions do not subscribe to the primacy of procreation. "It is clearly not true," according to the Lambeth Conference in 1958, "that all other duties and relationships in marriage must be subordinate to the procreative one. Neither the Bible nor human experience supports such a view. . . . Husbands and wives owe to each other and to the depth and stability of their families the duty to express, in sexual intercourse, the love which they bear (and mean to bear) to each other." To be sure, official approval of birth control was not given by the non-Catholic sects until the twentieth century, but the reasons are self-evident. Not until this century did contraceptives become an effective and socially acceptable means of preventing pregnancy. And not until this century did the world-wide need for population control become apparent. Recognizing the moral import of these new exigencies, non-Catholic theologians were able to reappraise contraception and to endorse it in good conscience.

And now the Catholic monolith is being shaken by this controversy. There is world-wide speculation as to whether, when and how the Church will alter its position. Divergent views are being expressed by Catholic spokesmen. Predictably, these views represent the three basic alternatives: reactionary, liberal and progressive. In practical terms, the Church must adhere to its centuries-old policy on continence, accept the oral contraceptives as "an adjunct to Nature" or sanction all of the modern methods of birth control.

Needless to say, there persists a sizable core of unyielding Catholic

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St. Augustine Surrounded by Devils (Jean Dupré)

traditionalists who will never be dissuaded from their Augustinian credo. It will suffice to cite the words of but one vociferous representative of this group. "Contraception," writes Msgr. George A. Kelly of New York, "is another of those practices which, while it obtains a common vogue for a time, is doomed to abolition as certainly as slavery. . . . Contraceptive love makes pregnancy a tragedy and children the objects of manipulation, much as one might manipulate the laws of supply and demand in the hog industry."

The suggestion that the Church specifically endorse the contraceptive pill has been made by Dr. John Rock, Catholic co-discoverer of the pill, and seconded by Canon L. Janssens of the theological faculty of Louvain. It is the further debate over Rock's *The Time Has Come* and Janssens' *Morale Conjugale et Progestènes* that Pope Paul has felt compelled to interdict.

The main medical argument advanced by Rock (and subscribed to by Janssens) is that, aside from rhythm, the oral contraceptives provide the only natural, physiological form of birth control. The rationale here lies in the similarity between these synthetic hormones and the body's own progesterone. To be sure, this similarity exists, but the function of progesterone is to foster pregnancy, and the purpose of the pill is to prevent pregnancy. Indeed, it might be more logically argued that of all the modern birth-control methods the pill is the least physiological, the least natural, for it is the only one which interferes with a normal body function.

The main theological argument advanced by Rock is that natural law need not be immutable. Let us hope that this is true. Despite his (surprisingly mild) rebuke of Rock for having written *The Time Has Come*, Richard Cardinal Cushing has said, "We can imagine fewer illusions of more potential danger to the Church than the notion that what was successful at one moment in Church history must be, for that reason, institutionalized in a permanent, unchanging fashion."

If Rock's theological argument is valid, is not his medical argument unnecessary? And if his theological argument is valid, why should Catholic acceptance of contraception be limited to the pill?

Finally, the growing number of their parishioners committed to contraception by whatever method has inevitably led some progressive Catholic spokesmen to give tentative recognition to all forms of birth control.

As Canon Janssens and others have found religious grounds for accepting the pill, it has occurred to some of their colleagues that there is no moral distinction between oral and mechanical contraception. A review of Dutch theologian Father Van der Marck's rationalization of the pill has prompted Louis Dupré, associate professor of philosophy and theology at Georgetown University, to comment: "I fail to see why the author can say that *only* anovulants are permissible for a morally good purpose. What difference can there be between the pill and, for example, a diaphragm, if both are used with the same intention?"

While Dr. Rock rightly emphasized the importance of responsible parenthood (implicit in the words of Pius XII), Canon Janssens has, according to Dupré, "made an important contribution to the discussion by placing the marital act in its total moral context of intention, effect, and circumstances, and by showing that this act has two meanings—procreation and expression of love—both of which must be considered in deciding what is morally permissible." Professor Dupré then carries both Rock's and Janssens' thoughts one step further: "For a moral evaluation, the act must be seen in the light of the larger end of *marriage*, of which it is a partial realization." After conceding that the purpose of marriage is "(1) procreation and raising to adulthood of the offspring, and (2) mutual fulfillment of the marriage partners," he concludes that "the question of the physical integrity of the procreative mechanism remains subordinate to the more important one [of] whether the act is in conformity with the end of marriage."

Nor is Dupré alone in this view. "As I see it," writes Jesuit scholar John L. Thomas of St. Louis University, "modern man's new status relating to reproduction requires a thorough reinterpretation of the personal and social significance of sexuality."

Thus the history of the Catholic Church's attitude toward contraception can be traced from St. Paul's exhortation to chastity to St. Augustine's condemnation of sexual pleasure to St. Thomas' invocation of natural law to Pope Pius' approbation of periodic continence. And now the inexorable force of public opinion has met the obdurate body of natural law in its demands for further progress. Need natural law be unchanging? Is the dogma of 1,000 or 2,000 years ago necessarily appropriate to the modern world? Do not the recent improvements in contraceptive techniques, the universal desire for family limitation, and the imminent threat of overpopulation constitute reason to review the antiquated writs of Augustine and Aquinas?

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The Cybernetic Caveman

UNDERSTANDING MEDIA: The Extensions of Man. By Marshall McLuhan. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 359 pp. $7.50.

Deborah A. Holmes
George Zabriskie

Marshall McLuhan's previous book, *The Gutenberg Galaxy,* presented the thesis that the invention of the alphabet, and later the printing press, progressively transformed an oral, tactile, tribal culture into a specialized, fragmented society characterized by visual perception, the use of logical, sequential organization and a fixed point of view. Earlier, McLuhan, who is director of the Center for Culture and Technology at the University of Toronto, had written *The Mechanical Bride,* an elaborate spoof on the stereotyped excesses of a society dominated by mechanical technology. In *Understanding Media,* which carries history up to President Kennedy's assassination, he returns to the final theme in *The Gutenberg Galaxy*: electronic technology will take us back to oral, tactile tribalism.

The Gutenberg Galaxy, published in 1962, contained the promise of *Understanding Media* in its final section. With only two years between books, it seems that McLuhan was pressed to finish this new one and many of its disappointments (including an astonishing number of typos and the lack of a bibliography) must be charged to haste — both on his part and that of his publisher. Insights on the nature of cultural processes will keep at least another season. These flaws are some of the most obvious ones; deeper problems appear more slowly. Yet the book represents fresh and constructive thinking — insights, to use the author's own vocabulary — on the nature of media and their psychic and social consequences. In the wake of considerable controversy over his ideas, it is time to take a close look at what McLuhan is up to in *Understanding Media.*

McLuhan's concept of media includes not only the technology of communications but *any* socially affective technology. He treats media as extensions of the human personality, an approach adapted from the psychology of William MacDougall, who considered personality extension to begin with such simple things as the use of hand tools. McLuhan carries this MacDougallian theory into all things, with an inclusive view of media and the broadest possible interpretation of their effects. Clothing, housing, clocks, transportation, weapons, automation are treated along with TV, radio, comic books and other means of verbal or visual projection more commonly considered as media. Furthermore, to McLuhan, media as extensions of personality have particular analogies to parts of the human body: electric technology is an extension of the central nervous system.

From his view of media as extensions of personality, McLuhan proceeds to his second thesis: the medium is the message. He explains: ". . . the 'message' of any medium or technology is the change of scale or pace or pattern that it introduces into human affairs." In other words, the social effects resulting from the action of any medium of communication, and from its interaction with other media, transcend the cognitive content of the medium. Media of pure technology, such as artificial illumination, of course have a content *only* in terms of the message, i.e., the social implications.

The content of one medium is always another. The content of writing is speech; the content of speech is thought. Speech "is an actual process of thought, which is in itself nonverbal." He continues:

> *An abstract painting represents direct manifestations of creative thought processes as they might appear in computer designs. What we are considering here, however, are the psychic and social consequences of the designs or patterns as they amplify or accelerate existing processes.*

This paragraph defines McLuhan's fundamental interests and the basis of his dynamics. One need add only his particular definition of hot and cold media:

> *A hot media is one that extends one single sense in "high definition." High definition is the state of being well filled with data. A photograph is, visually, "high definition." A cartoon is "low definition" simply because very little visual information is provided. . . . Hot media are, therefore, low in participation, and cool media are high in participation or completion by the audience.*

This polarity of "hot" and "cold," which pervades the book, is McLuhan's chief methodological error. It has the superficial appearance of crispness, but lends itself to fuzziness and meaningless categorizations which have little to do with McLuhan's central ideas. Polarities can be useful intellectual tools, but they tend to inhibit the description of dynamic processes, which seems to be the function of *Understanding Media.*

Radio and television are McLuhan's main interests. Radio is a hot medium (little audience participation) while TV is cool (great audience participation). He tends to disregard the highly auditory construction of much American programing, in which the visual image actually plays a subsidiary role. His theoretical TV audience gives constant and undivided attention to the shadow land of the screen, watching programs in which the visual constructs are all-meaningful. Actually, it is possible to experience many TV programs without looking at the picture. Here again, McLuhan's hodge-podge methodology betrays him.

Television, he affirms, is "tactile" and "tribal." Tactile, because it lacks definition; tribal, because it is "preliterate." The TV image ". . . is not photo in any sense, but a ceaselessly forming contour of things limned by the scanning finger. The resulting plastic contour appears by light *through,* not light *on,* and the image so formed has the quality of sculpture and icon, rather than of picture." Hence, "tactility," in effect, is a metaphor. The ill-defined TV image, to some an eye-straining blur, charms the nonliterate because he is forced to participate in fulfilling its creation. In McLuhan's view, the intellectual tends to reject the specific experience and its quality, while the young and non-intellectual, and those of subliminal literacy, identify with the experience without understanding it. He lists the social and psychological

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changes: the dead-pan expressions of the young, the virtual abolishment of adolescence in the traditional sense, a move toward involvement and participation in *depth*—or "getting with it."

His terminology of "tactile" and "tribal," when applied to the electronic age, is used to indicate change from the visual and specialized values of the Gutenberg era. But it is used as if it might imply progression. This leads to the paradoxical proposition that as we progress (change) we regress (revert to earlier behavior).

When he discusses media, McLuhan seems unaware that he is describing the witchcraft of our time. Media, in effect, are the irrational elements which motivate part of our irrational behavior. Unfortunately, McLuhan identifies with the irrationality of the media he describes, with a result analogous to Montague Summer's literal belief in magic. The believer, as analyst, is undone by his belief. This acceptance of processes as descriptive models may account in large part for McLuhan's methodological floundering. In dealing with irrational elements one may need both logic and psychologic, but one cannot, for descriptive purposes, turn to the things themselves and become like them.

The method of presentation in *Understanding Media* is essentially that of the *Gutenberg Galaxy*. A sequence of insights, as verbal *Gestalten* intended to correspond to the field approach of behavior, are configured into the grand *Gestalt* of a book. In the earlier book, McLuhan said: "Such a mosaic image of numerous data and quotations in evidence offers the only practical means of revealing causal operations in history." This method was used more successfully in the *Galaxy* than in *Understanding Media*, which is primarily concerned with the present, rather than history. *Understanding Media* is too diverse, its content and arguments too sweeping, to stay within the orientation and limits of his mosaic framework. Methodologically, McLuhan seems to be striving for some kind of modular concept: a set of interchangeable, reusable intellectual building blocks which can be used over and over again in a variety of ways and still present bright new faces: rather like a set of alphabet blocks with a different intellectual proposition, instead of a letter, on each surface.

As one reads the book, one wonders whether McLuhan is presenting illuminations or attempting the preliminary model of a system. His letter to Frank Kermode, published by the latter in *Encounter*, shows that at one time he was seriously concerned with problems of form and possibly system construction. However, he might have gained something by treating his material as a continuum rather than in episodic disconnection. Except through artifice, life doesn't really live that way.

For any consideration of "the psychic and social consequences" of media, some psychological orientation is necessary. McLuhan's might be described as broadly eclectic, leaving some questions about its structure and organization. One is never quite certain whether the element of consistency is merely lurking or really lacking in the "mosaic image." His indebtedness to MacDougall has already been mentioned. Not only in the formal organization of the book, but in the text itself, through his insistence on "insight" and his elaboration of field theory, *Gestalt* psychology is given a good run for its money. Consciously, for reasons often obscure, he tends to reject Freudian and post-Freudian psychoanalytic theory except for a brief quotation from C. G. Jung, even though it would serve to bolster his projections more adequately than his numerous literary quotations. He is aware that somehow we have become "conscious of our unconscious," but he fails to apply that awareness where it might lead to a better understanding. In the chapter on money, he rejects the psychoanalytic view of money "since it does not correspond sufficiently to the nature and function of money in society." On the next page he unconsciously writes: "Currency is a way of letting go. . . ."

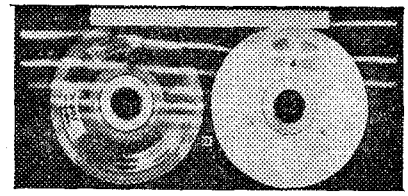
Similarly, McLuhan rejects value judgments and the idea of "content" in the usual sense. "It is wise to withhold all value judgments when studying these media matters, since their effects are not capable of being isolated." For better or worse, the man deserves to be taken at his word. Unfortunately, it is possible to find statements which seem to be implied value judgments, such as those on the small car, and it is equally possible to misconstrue some of his neutral statements as judgments of "content." McLuhan demands that others be more careful in the role of reader than he was in the role of writer.

Some of these shadowy values are adumbrated in the chapter on the photograph: ". . . Literate man is not only numb and vague in the presence of film or photo, but he intensifies his ineptness by a defensive arrogance and condescension to 'pop kulch' and 'mass entertainment.' . . . The vested interests of acquired knowledge and conventional wisdom have always been by-passed and engulfed by new media."

Nowhere does the haste with which this book was written betray the inclusive view of media more than in the chapters on "Number" and "Clocks." In the "Number" chapter his insights appear and disappear, making one wish he had been able to find time to Do A Little More Reading before meeting that McGraw-Hill deadline. In this chapter and elsewhere, he sees the use of the binary number system by computers and other data-processing apparatus as a return to tribal counting methods. This mystical view ought to have been tempered by the realization that the modern use of the binary system derived from the inherent limitation of electrical switches to the two basic positions: *on* and *off*. As a matter of fact, computers do exist which will handle decimal input-output without

Know-*how* vs. Know-*why*

Contemporary society is organized completely around the "how"—an emphasis which dooms man irrevocably to absolute de-humanization. So says Jacques Ellul, France's great creative thinker, in his brilliant, mind-jolting book, in which he "formulates a comprehensive and forceful social philosophy and requires us to examine anew the essential tragedy of a civilization increasingly dominated by technique."—from the introduction by Robert K. Merton



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external conversion to the binary.

Like the chapter on "Number," the chapter called "Clocks: the Scent of Time" is little more than diffuse speculation. The time concepts enforced by the era of data processing and information handling systems necessary for space technology are strangely absent from his discussion, except that "the electronic age . . . found that instant speeds abolish time and space and return man to an integral in primitive awareness." Real time, absolute time and relative time, all of which have to do with time as a medium, and with our time relationships in our space ventures, cannot easily be ignored or dismissed as new forms of primitive awareness, if time is to be treated as a medium at all.

Neither *The Gutenberg Galaxy* nor *Understanding Media* is a literary book either in the canonical, scriptural way of the New Criticism, or in the offhand way of those volumes in which English professors give a bookish view of books and the world. Yet reviewers have tended to treat McLuhan as if he were writing literary books instead of descriptions of social and technical dynamics. Unfortunately, McLuhan himself drags in enough odd bits of literary misinterpretation to make a respectable article for the established journals of that business. As soon as one makes the noises of a literary critic or an English professor, the woods become full of literary critics and English professors who can make the same kind of noise, and louder. It is not easy for anyone else to believe that Andrew Marvell anticipated Einstein in precisely the way McLuhan would have him. At another point, misquotation and misunderstanding of Yeats join hands. To believe that *Among School Children* is concerned with movies is as difficult as it is to find the line "a spume upon a ghostly paradigm of things" in the poem.

It is reasonable at this point to advance the theory that the meaning of things, particularly art works such as poems and paintings, is relative and not absolute. McLuhan's interpretations of Shakespeare and Donne are not less or more ridiculous than other perceptions embodied in much literary criticism, but in the light of McLuhan's own approach, they serve only to fog his intended meanings. This literary appeal to authority (his own) to bolster his arguments is methodologically weak and accomplishes little more than space filling. We have stressed methodology throughout this discussion because it is McLuhan's fundamental weakness—not merely the fact that some of his separate insights are erroneous or farfetched.

A further flaw springs from his facile acceptance of a probable good possibly inherent in electronic technology. He is, of course, sound in saying that if we do not understand the nature and effects of the new media we shall lose by default that much control over our environment. Yet his own approach suggests no realistic methods of control and his general air of hopefulness has no sounder basis than a total pessimism might.

While McLuhan relates TV to every cultural phenomenon of our time from seamless stockings to paperback books, he fails, except for passing mention of the Kennedy assassination, to relate it for better or worse to the perverse violence of our time. Long before McLuhan's book, both André Gide and Antonin Artaud, in different contexts, noted the rise of gratuitous crime—which seems to have a higher incidence in America than anywhere else. In our larger cities, no one is quite safe from acts of violence which are most frequently committed by those under thirty. These are crimes in which the gain—sexual or monetary — becomes secondary to the violence itself. To what extent television, with its underlying emotional mode of terror, is related to this phenomenon is a question McLuhan neither raises nor attempts to answer. Tracing back, through McLuhan's own statements, "the medium is the message." And, following his nesting-box concept of media, in which one medium always contains another, we get back to human thought itself. The medium may, in the case of gratuitous violence, reflect the world—but circularly, it may also be implicated in its creation. The dynamics of this area of behavior certainly deserve more consideration than the cool medium and hot issue of the small car or the qualities of a successful TV master of ceremonies.

McLuhan gives a clue when he says: "Everybody experiences far more than he understands. Yet it is experience, rather than understanding, that influences behavior, especially in collective matters of media and technology where the individual is almost inevitably unaware of their effect upon him." His statement hangs in mid-thought, leaving the reader to relate it to something. Here again is the failure, not of concept but of construct, which flaws the whole work. What might have been one of the most important books of its decade has been so poorly put together that its most realistic claim remains that of being a series of highly stimulating speculations. In reading it, one learns as much about McLuhan as about media.

Enter Will, Dressed in Prose

NOTHING LIKE THE SUN: A Story of Shakespeare's Love-Life. By Anthony Burgess. W. W. Norton Co. 234 pp. $3.95.

Warren Miller

Aye, lads, tha's doon't again: another technicolor spectacular of lusty, brawling Elizabethan England: much ale and bosoms, broken teeth, plague, lechery, stinks, sores, quarterings and the now obligatory Eating Scene. And mystery. Not, who is Shakespeare? But, to whom did Burgess lend his name for the publishing of this very disappointing novel? Was it to Tony Richardson? Or, more likely, to his father's ghost, Sir Alexander Korda? We will probably never know. Certainly, it is not the work of the Anthony Burgess who wrote *A Clockwork Orange* and *Honey for the Bears;* it is most assuredly not by the author of *Time for a Tiger,* that marvelous early novel (which, another mystery, has never been published here).

In that novel, an English policeman in Malaya, nostalgic for India and the good old days, cries, "West! West! That's where the East begins!" It is the novel's first line and I quote from memory; for me, it marked Burgess as a writer whose every book one ought to read. I would like to believe that this new one (even the title is non-Burgess) was written to satirize the nonsense of W. S.'s 400th birthday celebration: the cardboard cake in front of Connecticut's Stratford Theatre and the long reviews of the latest Pole—that it was written for old ladies and certain reviewers. But I have doubts.

There is a deadly seriousness about this fictive life; and Burgess, if Burgess it be, makes a brave attempt to

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write it in Elizabethan, which only makes matters worse:

. . . the hold's stink and the foul water after the weeviled biscuit, men rent and filthy and reechy like their shirts of the hogo of earwax, the hap of wrack and piracy or, at best, spewing among rough and rude rascals made roaring lustful with salt beef. . . . Etc.

He fails, as anyone must. It is not Elizabethan English at all but some manufactured stuff, closer, in fact, to the inflated rhetoric of Dylan Thomas than to, say, Nashe. Compare it to the opening lines of Nashe's *Unfortunate Traveller*:

Gallant Squires, have amongst you: at mumchance I mean not, for so I might chance come to short commons, but at novus, nova, novum, *which is in English, news of the maker.*

Who would be a fifth-rate Nashe when he can be a first-rate Burgess? Writers are odd.

It leads Burgess to the awful silliness of scenes like this: W. S., sensitive boy, early Eugene Gant, at table with his parents:

"And there sits he," said his mother, "with idle versing and naught else in his head. What money will that ever bring in?"

"Many a man," said his timid father, "has known preferment through timely verses."

A hot-blooded lad (what Elizabethan was not?), Will has his will of Anne Hathaway, corrupts a young boy, runs off to London—as much to escape Anne's importunings (oh the ways and ways that Anne hath!) as to answer destiny's call. Once there he writes plays (Ah-ha!) and becomes the great good friend of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton; and he meets the Dark Lady of the sonnets. Oddly, she is a Negro, but not a dark one; more gold than black, in fact. Burgess has Will declare that the ear is the organ of poetry; nevertheless, the Dark Lady talks like this: ". . . who is dis Lesvia? . . . So what den do dey do? . . . We kiss not as you do. We have what is called de *chium*. It is done wid de nose." It will be seen, then, that Burgess transports us to eras more remote than the Elizabethan: all the way back to Ronald Firbank.

There are, as well, alas, the Historical, or Name-Dropping, scenes. These remind one of George Kaufman's description of a Broadway historical drama: a newsboy enters and cries, "World War I Has Just Been Declared!" Burgess does it this way:

". . . Then this burly Ben man comes in and says he will write the other three, where is paper and a pen?"

"What name?" asked WS.

"He is called Ben. Ben Jonson."

Keith Waterhouse has writ in Vain. In *Billy Liar* he warned his fellow countrymen about this sort of thing and, I thought, had finished Olde Englande once and for all with his fake Yorkshire dialect:

"Ah'm just about thraiped," said Arthur. . . .

"Tha's getten more bracken ivvery day, lad," I said.

"Aye, an' fair scritten anall," said Arthur.

"Tha mun laik wi't' gangling-iron."

But Burgess would not have it so; he has produced a novel which is, in Billy's words, neither muckling nor mickling.

Warren Miller is the author of The Cool World *and* Ninety Miles from Home *(both Little, Brown). His newest novel,* The Siege of Harlem, *has just been published by McGraw-Hill.*

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SEAN O'CASEY

Denis Johnston

A self-educated genius, half-blind, with a sick mother and hardly a crust to eat, who makes good in spite of having had none of the advantages of any diploma—it is a play in itself. But in recent years, since he has had a belated biographer or two, it must have become reasonably clear that Sean O'Casey deserves better of us than the sentimental patronage inherent in such a picture, and that his work merits more attention than the unlikely fact that he was ever in danger of starving to death.

As a man O'Casey could be kind, but he was not kindly. He was admirable rather than lovable. And as a source of information about his own or the world's history, or even about his bibliography, he was not wholly reliable. That he was literate and widely read is without question. Apart from the eye affliction from which he suffered all his life, he had precisely the same opportunities for education that came the way of most other contemporary Irish writers—O'Connor, O'Flaherty, Colum and O'Donnell, just to mention a few. The national schools and the public libraries were open to him, and he made use of them. He was not sent to any of the private establishments where Yeats and Shaw spent an unprofitable adolescence. If, unlike Beckett, O'Casey did not play cricket at Earlsfort House—a spectacle that it is hard even to envisage—he had all the less to grow out of.

Actually, the greatest peril that, for a time, handicapped his career did not come in the lean years at home, where he was never really the wielder of a pick and shovel but a respectable union official and a pillar of the Gaelic League. It came when he was the toast of the London hostesses, and was being followed around, as I remember, by an elderly Scot who wrote down his every remark in a notebook, for all the world like Synge's Old Mahon: "with seven doctors writing out my sayings in a printed book." What reasonable *émigré* from the North Circular Road could be expected to come through such handling unscathed?

The practice of comparing him to Synge is somewhat misleading, for while Synge was a stranger in Aran, transmuting the language of the noble peasants into music, O'Casey was a metropolitan, making his own sunlight out of the argot of his buddies. His enormous merit lies in his natural vitality and lust for words, equaled only by Behan and by Mrs. Amanda M'Kittric Ros to whose volcanic style some of O'Casey's literary traits have at times been compared. As for the yardstick of Behan, the latter was a cistern of considerable capacity that could store up and dispense at appropriate moments every anecdote and wisecrack that has ever circulated between the slob lands of Ringsend and the Hell Fire Club. But there is little of the quality of anthology about O'Casey's work. He is no cistern, but a fountain in his own right—if not indeed a waterspout.

Drawing by Berger

1880 — 1964

If some of his outpourings were rubbish, it was his gusto that made the nonsense noticeable: and it can never be forgotten that he was responsible for one of the most brilliant pieces of dramatic counterpoint that can be seen on the stage today—the second act of *The Plough and the Stars*. If he sometimes preferred his opinions to his art, as Yeats complained, the same may be said of Yeats himself, although in a more sophisticated mode. If he called Orwell a dishwasher and a tramp, and attempted to denigrate Yeats by a particularly silly pun on one of the poet's finest lines—"A terrible beauty is Borneo"—this was for the simple, understandable reason that both men had criticized O'Casey, a thing not to be allowed.

Some people were surprised by O'Casey's anticlericalism, which is unusual in Irish Protestants outside Ulster. But it must be remembered that what makes the Irish Republic so comfortable a place for Protestants is that the Church is preserving it as a haven for the well-off, the landlord and the gombeen man, and as one of the few places left in Europe where servants can still be had. None of this would have appealed to O'Casey, to whom the Church, on the other hand, gave the rare opportunity of instituting quite a new thing—the Literary Strike. O'Casey always loved a strike, and lived to see his invention being applied by other authors to the Union of South Africa.

He was essentially a fortunate and, I am sure, a happy man—lucky in his early mentors, in his actors, and in his home and family. No man who lives to be 84 and dies still roaring can be looked on with anything other than respectful envy.

Denis Johnston is a playwright and biographer whose collected plays (Little, Brown) include among others The Old Lady Says "No!" *and* The Moon in the Yellow River. *He is the author of* In Search of Swift *(Barnes and Noble).*

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Key to the Villas Miserias

MAN'S STRUGGLE FOR SHELTER IN AN URBANIZING WORLD. By Charles Abrams. The M.I.T. Press. 307 pp. $7.95.

David Gurin

Last January there were riots in the slums of Calcutta and rent strikes made front-page news in Manhattan. *The New York Times* reported that slum landlords were behind some of the Calcutta mobs—"they want to clear their land of shanty dwellers and find more lucrative tenants." Nonviolent but highly vocal groups appearing weekly at city halls across the United States have been protesting essentially the same thing: the "renewal" of their urban turf, meaning the replacement of low-rent apartments with high-rise, high-rent buildings. In Cali, Colombia, the pattern appeared with less protest: the Colombian army burned down every shack on land owned by speculators, as the evicted squatters sang the national anthem or wept.

Mr. Abrams' book is about nations with urban housing problems like those of Calcutta and Cali. He does not deal with Harlem, the lower East Side, rent-struck sections of Stamford, Conn., and other home-grown slums, although one of his soundest verdicts is that "there is nothing that Europe and North America can offer the industrializing nations as a quick specific for housing ills." Abrams has his eye upon those areas where people from the countryside have moved and are still moving into the cities at such staggering rates that between 1960 and 1970, 200 million people are expected to shift to the cities of Asia, Africa and Latin America. He gives a clear picture of the problems created by such catastrophic migration and other factors, and suggests what should be done about them.

The list of ills is long and depressing; squalid urbanization is the shape the earth has taken today, haunted as it is by the twin specters of population expansion and economic stagnation. The economist and demographer, working with statistics and maps, can possibly extrapolate a hopeful prognosis from all this. But Abrams' book could hardly be an optimistic travelogue, for the author is an expert in housing and city planning, formerly New York State Rent Administrator, and author of several previous books in his field. For him, the glib statistics of economists and demographers must be translated into *villas miserias* or *favelas* in Rio, into harbors packed with sampans in Hong Kong, street sleepers in Karachi, dwellers in Spanish ruins in Manila, and squatters in practically every country.

Abrams describes the system of precarious tenure which has developed around squatters' rights and around rent-control laws in the world's cities. Illegal occupation may be permitted by tradition or by political pressure; and there is a delicate balance, occasionally upset, of threatened violence between owner and squatter or tenant. In the Philippines, squatters elect Congressmen to guard their interests; in Singapore and in La Paz, Bolivia, tenants of rent-controlled premises sublease at high profits. Politicians seeking election in Barbados and Jamaica encourage public-housing tenants *not* to pay their rents.

To replace these gerry-built solutions, Abrams stresses the need for underdeveloped countries to rationalize their land-ownership patterns before receiving foreign-aid loans, in order to minimize the land-purchase share of the cost of a house. Since mortgages are almost completely unavailable, the development of savings and loan institutions is highly important. Abrams notes the orthodox economic argument against the use of scarce investment capital for housing—that such capital is needed for basic industrial development—but he counters with the beneficial effects of good housing on workers' productivity. (The United States found it wise to step up housing programs during World War II: "Americans will die for their country, but they balk at doubling up with their in-laws.") Housing construction also lessens unemployment, and an investment in new houses is likely to curb the violence which may destroy "basic industrial development" or the state itself.

Local building industries based on native workmanship and material are also imperative, Abrams believes. He deplores the expensive failure of European prefabricated homes imported by Ghana. He admires and recommends the adaptation of Ghana's roof-loan scheme for use elsewhere. This scheme enables communities to finance roofs with loans,

In the Classroom

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thus providing the most important part of their shelters and the part most Africans are least able to build themselves. A call for the "internationalization of roofs" is one of the author's surprisingly simple but dramatic schemes.

While *Man's Struggle for Shelter* is no global version of Jacob Riis's 19th-century description of the New York slums in *How the Other Half Lives*, Abrams has actually described a new phenomenon—the world-slum. (Another city planner, Constantine Doxiadis of Greece, is more optimistic about mergings of the world's cities—the Megalopolis of the U.S. eastern seaboard or the possibility of a Calcutta metropolitan area with sixty millions—and he looks forward to Ecumenopolis, the one-city world of the future.) Abrams also has less of Riis's passion for political reform. While constantly aware of the corruption and vested interests which stand in the way of better housing and urban-planning practices, he still apparently believes that professional education and expert consultation can do the job. He calls "for the development of a comparative science of urbanization" to "explore the nature of the rhythms and the cross-fertilizing influences that affect institutions in the process of growth."

Abrams advocates sound urban planning as a major need. But planning is a neutral process; it can be used to preserve the *status quo* or to change it. Slum clearance and housing loans and subsidies can be constructive planning tools; they can also be cruelly destructive. There is a stark similarity between the removal of low-income residents from shantytowns in the center of Lagos, Nigeria, which Abrams describes, and the elimination by urban renewal of low-rent housing in Manhattan. Public assistance for housing construction in New York now goes mostly to middle-income families, and Alliance for Progress houses in Latin America are also beyond the budgets of the lowest-income groups.

The political-economic system in each country determines the shape of its cities. Politics sets the general goals as well as most of the more specific objectives and yearly targets; politics generally leaves only the narrowest leftover objectives to the planner. City plans are sculptured representations in asphalt and concrete or dirt and bamboo of the system. New York was platted with strictly commercial intent (for ease of marketing lots); Mumford's "standardized chaos" of Manhattan's skyline (or of Sao Paulo's or Mexico City's) are further monuments to untrammeled commerce. To accommodate the autos of its new middle class, the government of Venezuela destroyed the social organization of the old neighborhoods of Caracas with the permanent barriers created by overhead highways and open-cut traffic arteries. "The planning firm of Maurice Rotival," according to architectural critic Sybil Moholy-Nagy, "dismembered the old town as if it were a corpse." Soviet cities reveal bureaucratic domination, but they also represent the quashing of the land speculation market.

The confidence Abrams places in his housing and planning colleagues is too generous. Few have his capabilities; most of their plans are little more than page after page in the pseudo-scientific jargon of public administration. And their occult planning terminology is often used in unwitting guardianship of the *status quo*. An Alliance for Progress pamphlet written in Puerto Rico by a Cuban *émigré* planner, Eduardo Montoulieu, discusses Cuba's urban plans and criticizes their "lack of coordination, comprehensiveness, integration, reorganization and broader utilization." In the twilight days of Batista, when the same Montoulieu was chief of the "National Master Plan" of Cuba, he congratulated the regime in the magazine *Arquitectura* for the "compatibility of planning and Cuban democracy."

Again, in a typical Latin American city, the director of *Urbanismo* introduces a *Planificación Urbana* by stating how difficult it is to explain the techniques of planning, "as it would be difficult for a doctor to explain medicine, or a lawyer the law." The planner then apparently feels free to present a plan without any kind of social or architectural justification. In a recent plan for Managua, Nicaragua, three drawings are provided: (1) *condicion presente*, a typical Spanish-style street corner; (2) *condicion intermedia*, a few buildings replaced with two-story concrete structures; (3) *condicion projectada*, all-concrete buildings several stories high, in which the heavy traffic of (1) has magically lightened to produce a Central American vision of anycorner, U.S.A.

Abrams urges the East to adopt the land policies of the West—zoning, ad valorem taxation, benefit assessment—but they seem like weak palliatives. Rent strikes in New York and Rachmanism in London force me to doubt Abrams' belief that "in the two great citadels of private property—England and the United States—old restraints upon the state have fallen away as the demands of health and decency have asserted themselves regarding real property." In 1949, our Congress passed a Housing Act with a declaration of national policy; it set "the goals of a decent home and a suitable living environment for every American family." But little was done, and fifteen years later, in a few particularly unsuitable living environments, families who had never heard the benign statement of policy began to agitate for decent homes in several cities. The courts fined some landlords and evicted some rent strikers. The 1964 New York State Legislature rejected every rent-strike bill submitted, while the city of New York spent a pittance to fix up a few tenements. Perhaps cities were saving their money for the summer so they could pay the police to quell the violence which was to erupt, in part because of the housing conditions which went unrepaired during the winter.

Significantly, Abrams' analysis implies a warning to underdeveloped countries and to the dispersers of U.S. foreign aid that improvements in mass housing conditions are vital if they want to forestall violent political change. He acknowledges several times the direct relationship between the rise of Fidel Castro and the rate of U.S. aid for housing in Latin America. However, it would have been interesting to have Abrams' comments on the Cuban Government's building program and its pragmatic solutions to the problem of housing finances. These include Castro's "revolutionary reform of gambling" which converts lost lottery money into savings bonds for home purchases, plus a variety of mortgage schemes designed ultimately to give every Cuban family either cooperative or simple ownership of its own dwelling. In Cuba, of course, where planning as such has become paramount, the Latin American practice of relegating city planning and housing to obscure and powerless government bureaus has been abandoned. Similarly, it would be as inconceivable for the Cuban Government today to follow the old sham of hiring outside consultants (to produce expensive

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well-illustrated and irrelevant plans) as to hire an outsider to be President of the republic.

In the city planning faculties of Harvard and M.I.T., where the self-conscious spinning of abstract theories of urban development is fashionable, Abrams stands out refreshingly as the "practical" man, a professor who happens to own successful parcels of Greenwich Village real estate. On the other hand, appearing with big real estate operators at a forum at the New School for Social Research or as New York State Commissioner Against Discrimination, he is an important advocate of more public housing and some rent control. And as a UN expert, an experience which provided the backbone of this book, Abrams could not overlook the primacy of practical politics over ideal planning goals all over the world. That narrow professionalization and expertise should emerge so strongly among his solutions is therefore disappointing. Charles Abrams and the crews of planners he wants to see trained would undoubtedly wish to see the inhabitants of the globe well housed, but it is a rare political climate that will invite them to ply their trade today.

David Gurin, a city planner, has worked with the Boston Redevelopment authority and is now on the staff of Mobilization for Youth.

Men With Their Faces On

George P. Elliott

My hostess was an animated woman with a face of her own, and she worked with disturbed children in a psychiatric institute. I came in on the end of her anecdote. "So they've got to get another control," she was saying. "I've been wrecking the experiment because all the babies keep looking at me." There was a little burst of sympathetic laughter. "Control?" I asked, "did you mean *you* were supposed to be a *control* in a scientific experiment?" "And I'm terrible," she bemoaned, "because we're trying to find out when babies can distinguish their mothers from strange ladies and they all look at me." Poor woman: her faith in Science was so deep that she believed in psychology as a behavioral Science, and here she was letting Science down because she couldn't take her face off even when she tried.

When anthropologists sit down to write about other people's gods and ways, the usual behavioral-science commandment appears above their desks: Take Off Your Face. They obey. And, obeying, what marvelous tales they botch in the telling. They are for the most part men and women with no gods of their own; and from the way they write they give the impression that their ideal is to become, like an astronomer or a microbiologist, an eye behind a pane of invisibility. "Go ahead, esteemed preliterates, behave. I am not here, only O." (O is sometimes used by behavioral scientists for Observer.) "In the field," they "gather material" on primitive pantheons, analyze it, and organize it until the metamorphoses and relations of these gods are far clearer to us sophisticated aliens than they ever were to the people who were worshiping them. But literarily, and more than literarily, gods who come alive in the reader's imagination have human blood in their veins.

Perhaps better days are coming. Recently I have read two books whose excellence demonstrates that the literary dullness of anthropological writing is not inherent in the subject. One is by an eminent professional, Claude Levi-Strauss (*Tristes Tropiques*, Criterion, 1961), the other by an obscure amateur, Hamilton A. Tyler (*Pueblo Gods and Myths*, University of Oklahoma, 1964). The two books and their authors have little enough in common but one may discover, in the way they deal with a literary problem, part of the secret of their success. This has to do with the relation between the author and his subject—partly between the anthropologist and the object of his study, but also between the man writing and the subject of his concern, which must include himself.

In the 1930s, Levi-Strauss, a Frenchman, went about in Brazil visiting primitive tribes in what would ordinarily have been called a field trip which would ordinarily have yielded a book of great dryness. Instead, he wrote the best anthropology book I, at least, have ever read or heard of. The first sentence prepares the reader. "Travel and travellers are two things I loathe—and yet here I am, all set to tell the story of my expeditions." He himself is in his book. The last sentence of the introductory chapters gives another vital clue. "Twenty years' forgetfulness has enabled me to elucidate an old experience: one that I had pursued to the ends of the earth without managing either to decipher its meaning or to remain on intimate terms with it." He has not asked questions to which he has found pat answers.

Tyler, a Californian, says he likes to think of himself as being "in the tradition of the English scholarly amateurs." Chance brought him with his family to the country of the Pueblo Indians. He saw their ruins, the villages they were living in, their dancing. "What is all this dancing about?" he asked. No commentator could give him satisfactory answers to this question or to the others he asked about the Pueblo religion and way of living. "I want to leave the ranks of the observers and join those of the believers, at least until I comprehend what they mean." He wants to know them, not everything about them. Then, a few paragraphs from the end of the book, he says: "At this point the reader may anticipate some sort of synthesis, but there will be none."

Both writers represent themselves as engaged in a quest for something that matters to them personally, not just professionally. They do not represent themselves as making "a contribution to knowledge," but as looking for what they as men badly need, even though they know they can find at most only part of it. Meanwhile, what each of them offers is not just a book full of fascinating facts logically ordered. The answers each seeks never come clear, not in the writer himself or in the strange brothers about whom he is writing, or in the reader, his unknown brother, who also gets caught up in the quest. What both writers give are visions of social order, one comic, the other tragic.

The books are not of equal magnitude. The advantage is on the side of the writer who was *there*. Tyler has vividly imagined Hard Beings Woman and Spider Grandmother; Levi-Strauss saw naked, hungry people eating spiders. Also, there is a difference not in the quality but in the depth of their visions. Tyler shows us possibilities realized, a coherent, harmonious society shaped and given body by people not unlike us. We rejoice. Levi-Strauss, by showing us certain people who have arranged

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their social lives perhaps even worse than we, makes us see what we fear we are. He turns up fleshless fragments of the skeleton of the social order itself. Looking at these bones which he obliges us to hold, we shudder, for with them in the hands of our minds we cannot help listening to the unanswerable voice from the abyss: *What is man? Why live?*

But neither of these visions was granted to a man with his face off, a specialist. Vision is granted, if at all, only to a man looking.

George P. Elliott is the author of Parktilden Village *and* Among the Dangs. *His most recent book,* A Piece of Lettuce *(Random House), is a collection of reminiscences and literary criticism.*

THEATRE

TRAVELLER WITHOUT LUGGAGE
THE COMMITTEE

Since Jean Anouilh's *Traveller Without Luggage* has suffered, as have many other French plays in the past, in being transferred from the boulevards to Broadway, I shall not dwell on its production at the Anta Theatre. The cast includes several talented actors—Ben Gazzara, Mildred Dunnock, Rae Allen, to name only three—and there are some well-played passages, notably in the second scene, but the right tone is never found. This is largely due to the very real difficulty that confronts American actors and directors who try to realize the exact nature of French behavior. They are removed from the cultural environment of such plays, and even their earnest efforts to suggest it therefore seem like affectation in moments of comedy, and the ungainly "emotionalism" in more dramatic exchanges.

The text itself is interesting in several respects. Written in 1937 when its author was 27, it was his first success. Though by no means his best play, *Traveller Without Luggage* shows some of the salient features of Anouilh's personality and an attitude which were to place him in the front rank of French playwrights between the late thirties and the fifties.

Anouilh despises the world that bred him—the "wondrous time" before the First World War (1900-14), the last period of bourgeois security in France. The war was to explode many of the myths about the proverbial worth and refinement of its civilization. If there was truth in any of these myths, it could be substantiated after the war only by an acknowledgment of the moral and spiritual bankruptcy of the old bourgeoisie. And that class became the particular object of Anouilh's hatred.

The war-injured amnesiac of *Traveller Without Luggage,* attempting to recall the conditions of life from which the shock of his wound cut him off, slowly discovers the rottenness of a life that contributed in no small measure to his own wretched character. He sees himself the product of a world that was mean, egotistic, snobbish, frivolous, cruel, sex-obsessed and loveless. Venomous scorn for the wealthy French middle class (as well as for the still lingering remnants of a well-heeled aristocracy) permeates most of Anouilh's work like an acid. The only redemption for a man born of that world is to reject it utterly. In *Traveller Without Luggage,* anathematizing his past, Anouilh became a typical voice of a whole generation in a similar state of revulsion.

Anouilh—fortunately and unfortunately—has been unable to discard the luggage of the past. There is a good deal of a particular kind of French sentimentality in Anouilh's disillusionment; it has the taste of a rancid romanticism. There are also traces of a nobility whose antecedents are in an older (seventeenth-century) tradition mixed with a certain stored national experience. This produces a striking canniness (healthy in a Montaigne), which in Anouilh sometimes expresses itself as worldly wisdom and a peppery humor, and sometimes as a rather petty cynicism. All this is significant because the dramatist shares these traits with a very large segment of his compatriots.

Among the still serviceable things that Anouilh has inherited from the past is a sure sense of the stage. He is a consummate craftsman. Part of Anouilh's superb theatrical equipment is his ability to borrow and make new use of the staples of classic comedy —the oldest devices from Plautus through Molière to vaudeville. The surprise ending of *Traveller Without Luggage*—in which the man who in horror wishes to escape his newly recovered family, and seizes upon a new family found by "poetic" license in a little boy—is a case in point. This is in itself a telling image and it turns an acrid and not very plausible tale into something beguiling.

The most genuine facet of Anouilh is his gift for artifice. All his plays are basically fables, contrivances of brilliantly imaginative showmanship, full of surprises and fascinating sleight-of-hand. Whatever his intentions, they often serve fundamentally serious ends.

The critical pendulum has swung from revering Anouilh as one of the "great" dramatists of our day to dismissing him as a highly skilled cheap-Jack (Anouilh has recently taken to disclaiming any exalted artistic aim). I myself veer from admiration to distrust. There is something meretricious in Anouilh's soulfulness and aching idealism. But, aside from his unmistakable adroitness, his adult shrewdness, independence, rebelliousness and corruption, mixed with the rich humanistic substance bequeathed by his country and which he seems to love with considerable resentment, make him representative of his time and place and give him an individual *face.* All this will finally be found to have value and will surely count when the overestimation of his excellence becomes as obsolete as are the too drastic denunciations of his defects.

I wish *The Committee,* the intimate new assemblage of jokes and sketches which comes to us from San Francisco, had been presented in a less formal framework. The Henry Miller Theatre where the show is being given is a small and quite pleasant house, but it lacks the unbuttoned atmosphere of what the columnists call a "niterie" where alcohol and tobacco spread their benevolent haze over the proceedings.

This is not to say that *The Committee* cannot be enjoyed where it is. I liked (most of) it fine—almost as much as I did *From the Second City* when it was first presented to its disadvantage at the Royale Theatre. Several of the sketches have real point—for example, the caricature of the frequently peculiar white self-consciousness in personal relations with Negroes—often nearly as bad as the former condescension. There is a bit in which Goldwater gets a good

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going over; also a nice spoof on book censorship, a savage scenic "epigram" on capital punishment—more violent than is customary in such entertainments and on that account most welcome—occasional dashes of comic surrealism, which in one case I found hilarious without really understanding what particular typical target was being assaulted. Two pseudo-musical numbers are disarmingly convivial.

The whole evening strikes an engagingly friendly note. Still one feels an intention actually more political and specifically critical than is common in some of this show's Greenwich Village counterparts. The eight youngish people of *The Committee* do their stuff with a straightforward familiarity that eschews "polish" and thereby strikes with an immediacy that might be blunted by a slicker professionalism.

HAROLD CLURMAN

ART

AUTUMN AT THE GUGGENHEIM

Steaked across the peaks of modern art, various cracks of defeatism and doubt can be observed, and when declivities suddenly open out, one finds real failures of nerve. In France, there is a recurring kind of artist especially prone to these occupational hazards. He takes refuge in psychological or cosmological systems, and feels a desperate need to discover a one-to-one correspondence between pictorial effect and spectator response. Painters such as Denis, Serusier, Cross or, in current polemics, Vasarely, come to mind, each distinguished by early talent, a weakness for self-justification, and an intelligence sufficient to realize, but not to surmount, the incompatibility of art in the 20th century with science or religion. Of their number, Albert Gleizes, now being shown in a large retrospective at the Guggenheim, was the important Cubist.

Along with Robert Delaunay, who was to influence him greatly, Gleizes invoked a kind of social and technological panorama of the World War I epoch. That it was couched typically in allegorical terms insulated him more from enthusiasm than from nostalgia, and it is characteristic of Gleizes, as of the late Leger, that he was haunted by ambivalence between urban and rural experience, and by the claims of a classicizing past contrasted with the dynamics of a restless present. Exponent of a wishful community of artists, he was also something of an anarchist-pacifist, and later turned into an apologist for a Catholic Church that didn't understand him. Essentially, Gleizes was a synthesizer, working out pictorial solutions from the perspective, and under the burdens, of an apparently vast culture.

Yet his program was ambitious and perceptive, if one may judge by statements such as the following from *Du Cubisme*, the book he wrote in collaboration with Metzinger: "Composing, constructing, designing, all come back to this: regulating through our own activity the dynamism of form. Shapes are only nuances of the notion of plenitude, which plenitude is form." Or: "All inflection of form is heightened by a modification of color; all modification of color engenders a form." Here, succinctly put, are two of the critical tenets of 20th-century art—the simultaneity of evoked sensations, and the reciprocity of all pictorial elements.

The particular tragedy of Gleizes was to implement these observations too literally, as if they did not have to be filtered through a wrestling with tangible experiences. His manipulation of forms, worked out time and again in sparkling epigrammatic pen drawings, left him little to explore beyond certain echoing value changes in his paintings. Whenever it was a question of thickening various of the ideas he had sketched transparently in line, Gleizes responded in paint with managerial explicitness, but with minimal excitation from paint's sensuous and chromatic challenges. He had, it would seem, a sophisticated touch for spatial groupings, but, despite some tactile emphases, a kind of tone deafness to variations in matter and density. As a result, the Cubist vocabulary is in his works standardized and put through its paces with perfect clarity, but it lacks the special effervescence of discovery. "Around 1910-12 in Cubism's highest flights," wrote Robert Motherwell, "what is striking is not the material structure that Kahnweiler likes to speak of, but a sensitive calligraphy that sweeps up internal and external worlds into a oneness in which reality consists not of opposing essences of matter and spirit, representation and structure, but of relations, process. During these years Cubism approached ecstasy. Presently it lost its intuition of the mysterious, and [the painters] returned to Western construction, like carpenters or masons." Gleizes was such a carpenter, albeit on a very high level.

From an educational viewpoint, the exhibition, directed by Daniel Robbins, is exemplary. One can amble through Gleizes' highly documented career, passing from the earliest post-Impressionist period, to the vitreous brown "machines," the loosening up in America, and highly colored rotative abstracts of the twenties, to the religiose murals, well represented but best forgotten, of the next two decades. His range was wide; it included harvesting, sports, the Brooklyn Bridge, circus scenes, portraits, tropical landscapes, arabesques, etc.

Gleizes treated these scenes far more intricately than did Roger de la Fresnaye, who can make him look fussy. On the other hand, he is more monumental than Picasso, in comparison to whose concrete references the art of Gleizes appears as empty generality. Even when he followed Delaunay into a species of color abstraction (in which, however, drafts-

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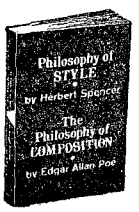

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manship was still prominent), Gleizes' canvases failed to light up. One constantly feels the pressure of an artistic will in his work, but only so much of it escaped from the cerebral regions as to lend his images their rather stable, if shrewd composition. Occasionally, when either passion or an unexpected lightness of mood illuminated the work at hand, Gleizes, who had most of the technical equipment, produced a masterpiece. Such, I think, is "The Man on the Balcony," "The Football Players," "Portrait of the Publisher Figuière," "Fishing Boats" and "Brooklyn Bridge," all grouped around the First World War. The rest of his career, by-passing all the great later developments of modern art, wandered off into a decorative and scholastic haze, which proved that there was no objective concordance between sign and effect—none, that is, without the fullest imaginative participation of the artist in his vision.

Coming on the heels of its ambitious predecessors—which covered nothing less than Western draftsmanship from the 19th century to the Second World War—the Guggenheim's "American Drawings" (of the last twenty years) is a piddling epilogue. Its anti-climactic quality, however, seems more than an inevitable result of restricted time and place. Insofar as the show affords a glimpse of recent drawings, they emerge as rather pointless and indifferent. Insofar as it reveals the considered taste and judgment of its director, Lawrence Alloway, it is a shambles.

Surveys of drawings can fulfill many functions, ranging from the pedagogical and historical to the aesthetic. The intention here, apparently, is to view current drawing as message or sign-making, a special kind of coded information, for which, however, no key is necessary. "Urgency, revelation, speed, and casualness" (graphic attributes) are qualities worth stressing, Alloway states, "as an alternative to the literature of enraptured connoisseurship to which drawings are still subject. Writers bend over a sheet of paper like Sherlock Holmes and rise to speak of it like Des Esseintes." Yet, that the present specimens discourage both these activities does not necessarily demonstrate that a new beauty or significance is on display. It is also possible that the works selected do not reward attention, that their code is visually useless.

If I entertain this possibility it is because of the special character of the present generation's drawings — those which give the show its rhetorical focus. Blueprints, charts, graphs; these are the notations, by turns offhand or calculated, which go by the name of draftsmanship in recent art. Traditional in that they are roughs or blockings out of preliminary ideas, they are also iconoclastic because they ignore the goals, imaginative and personal, of execution as such. Even when older drawings were conceived as means to an end, as mere scraps or fragments of a larger project, they were still typically charged by the peculiar manual electricity of their creators. But in a Lukin, Poons, Weber, Stout or Kelley, to take examples from various camps, the motor or tactile behavior of lines or masses, and their individuality as graphic presences, hardly count. Rather, the only concern on these pages is the determination of a certain visual configuration which is plotted out in terms of interval, scale and proportion. And this, in turn, has about the same expressive value and aesthetic relationship to the finished painting (which, the catalogue overlooks, is likely to be violently anti-graphic) as a musical score has to the performed piece, or a floor plan to a completed building. These documents reject being valued on their own terms because they can function only as signs or directions. They are perhaps necessary to the artist's statement, but they remain outside it. The trouble lies in the fact that the order of abstract art today is non-symbolical, and vehemently non-referential, whereas the drawings made in preparation for such paintings exist only as *references* or check points to that order. Memoranda tend not to function in the same way as expressive statements. This prevents me from accepting the argument advanced by Alloway that current drawings are emanations of the vital life and personality of their creators.

As for its outline and selectivity the show has one virtue, many faults. Historically, the devaluation of drawings to their present otiose state is clearly revealed. It is a depressing spectacle. Perhaps the diagrammatic Franz Klines were the progenitors here, but their sheer sensitivity to drawing, their energy of gesture, now seems unrecoverable. Whether in the spiritless mock-ups of pop drawings by Ruscha, Lichtenstein or Forakis, or the breezy swaths of Norman Bluhm, there is evident the whole deflation of draftsmanly intelligence (or perhaps its premise). Furthermore, it is worth protesting the inclusion, on an aesthetic basis, of what seem the worst possible examples by Lobdell, Gottlieb, Krasner, Olitski, Twombly and Liberman, to name only a few. The presence of an uncannily beautiful de Kooning ("Untitled," 1947) only accentuates the show's conceptual deficiencies, while humbling and belying the trophies of a professional enthusiasm.

Max Kozloff

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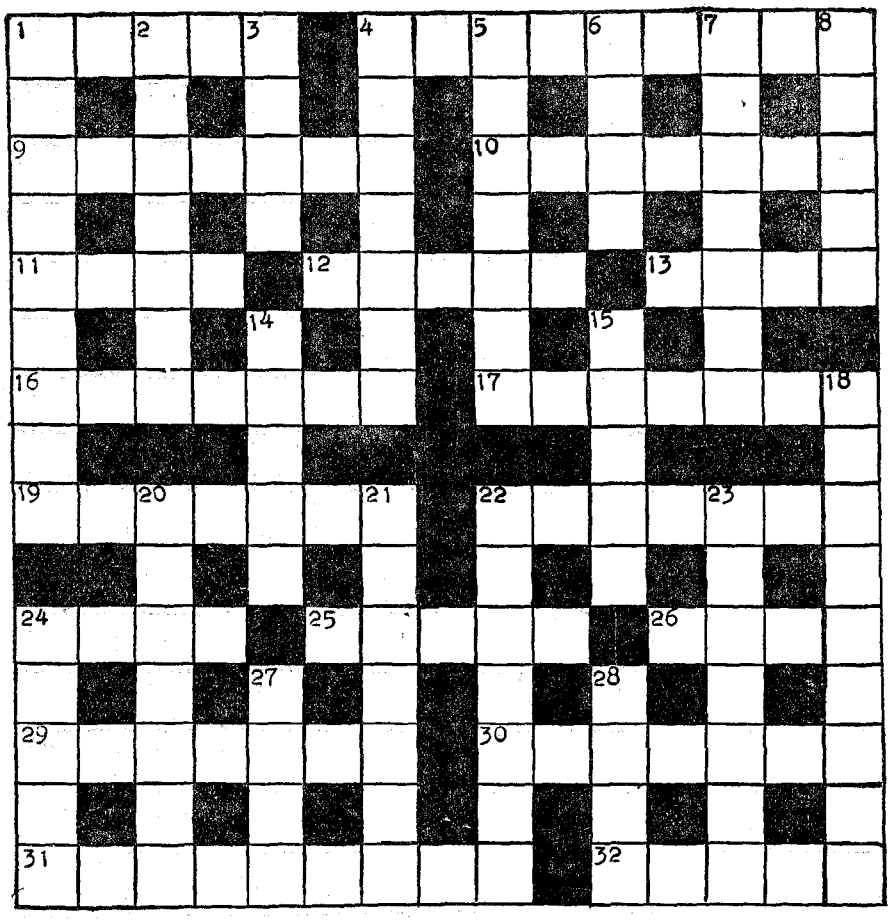

ACROSS:

1 and 10 When considered action should be taken, psychology starts the literal equivalent. (12)
4 Fill ten up—you could make it abundant. (9)
9 What should have leaves in protein form. (7)
11 A 31 type of presidential candidate is no longer standard. (4)
12 and 7 down Circles, for example, the ones on the tail? (5, 7)
16 and 25 across They suggest diplomacy might be only a matter of habit. (7, 5)
17 Regarded with indulgence. (7)
22 Not the old entrance to gaol. (7)
29 Behaved like a nuclear device? (Part of the drama is in the pipe.)
30 Such a grind! It's filled with vexation and disappointment. (7)
31 and 19 For those who are used to the pressure of preparing meals? (9, 7)
32 Ends a chain running to the horn, properly speaking. (5)

DOWN:

1 Angelica's pain reliever? (9)
2 Descriptive of certain figure arrangements rather than eating places. (7)
3 and 13 One of our songwriters watched over them, with an inclination to such things as music.
4 Executive offices and TV shows might be. (7)
5 One can't have this without understanding. (7)
6 What a well-known zoological collection came in by. (4)
8 This plant should imply quite a bit to you and me. (5)
14 and 26 across Mayflower crossed with this could be Veronica. (9)
15 Isn't there room for steerage in such vessels? (5)
18 Where people live with bell-like sounds around 26. (9)
20 Pariah, but not in actors. (7)
21 Performance will find him upright.
22 Perhaps the advertising section make-up. (7)
23 Said a comparatively few made a mistake. (7)
24 The last one to break certain animals? (5)
27 Prison commotion? (4)
28 and 24 across One can't fend for himself in a South American spot on location. (8)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1073

ACROSS: 1 Orange blossoms; 9 Titania; 10 Trainee; 11 Fluffy; 12 Claptrap; 14 and 21 down Dreyfus case; 19 Opening; 21 Celibate; 23 Twelve; 25 Science; 26 Creoles; 27 Address unknown. DOWN: 1 Out of step; 2 Astound; 3 Genuflect; 4 Bear; 5 Outclasses; 6 Scamp; 7 and 15 across Mineral salts; 8 and 17 Reappoint; 13 Effortless; 15 Shipwreck; 16 Stevenson; 18 Ill wind; 20 Galileo; 22 Boner; 24 Ecru.

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